The Millheim Journal.

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A GOOD SAMARITAN.

'Oh, Sue, papa says we are really going to Europe next month! Won't we have fun! We'll go to the 'Zoo,' that those English books tell so much about, and we'll climb to the very tip-top of the pyramids, and we'll go shopping in Paris—just think of it—and we'll see the Queen, perhaps. Oh, isn't it too nice for anything?' and she ended in a little scream of delight.

'I think I shall like the ocean best; and the whales, you know,' replied her sister contentedly. She was the youngest of the family, and was more of a quiet little housebody than the rest. 'I shall sit and watch the water, and oh, Alice, just think of the sunsets, without the least mite of a house or a hill between!'

'I know,' said Alice carelessly, as she waltzed with herself around the room. 'There'll be clouds though, I suppose. Now dear, don't moralize on that, and say that the clouds are what makes the sunset bright! All I care for is that we're going, we're going, and we are to sail on the Samaria just six week's from to-morrow!'

'Why, how nice! Then we'll all be—'

'Good Samaritans!' and Alice's laugh rang out merrily.

'I don't know about the 'good' part,' said Sue, puckering up her mouth in her funny, solemn way. 'And I hope there won't be any thieves on board. Now, Alice, let's plan.'

Here followed such a breathlessly exciting discussion of hats and dresses and woolen stuffs for the voyage, as only two girls of sixteen and fourteen can carry on, when fairly started. During the succeeding days the library was ramsacked for books of travel, and directions for the journey. On the Sunday before the day of sailing, the minister added the last straw by preaching from the text, 'They that go down to the sea in ships.'

'We shan't have to go down,' whispered mischievous Alice; 'papa says you have to walk right up-hill from the wharf to get on board.'

Sue's face twitched a little, but she looked toward the pulpit harder than ever. You couldn't make Sue laugh in church, and when near the end of a long sermon, some of the older members closed their eyes placidly, or knitted their brows absent mindedly, and throughout the congregation there was that subdued rustling of fans and silk dresses, so annoying to a speaker, the minister was always sure to find one pair of serious blue eyes fixed upon him, and one little pair of ears listening to every syllable of the 'thirdly' and 'fourthly' he had penned so carefully in his study. You wouldn't have caught Sue falling out of window while Paul was preaching.

Well, Satuday came at last, and a wonderful day it was. The splashing, muddy ride from their home to the little country station on the Eastern railroad, the last look at the red chimneys and the rounded tops of the maples and elms, all quivering with the fresh growth of spring and the rush of sap through their vein, the stout conductor, nodding pleasantly to the whole family, as he swayed along through the aisle and paused to punch their four tickets.

'Guess you're bound off this time, Mr. Raymond? Thought I sho'd have to put another car on to carry your baggage.'

It was a curious feeling, this mingling with the ordinary life of the other passengers, buying the morning paper from the newsboy, people who would ride over the same road in a few hours, while they—where would they be, when night fell?

'It seems just like holding your opera-glass up to one eye, and looking straight ahead with the other,' Sue confided to her mother, nestling closer, and laying her curly head upon her shoulder.

Out of the cars, and into a hack, with an express team full of trunks lumbering behind. Then the ferry, which was quite a voyage in itself, with the great milky waves rolling after them as they splashed across the harbor. In five minutes more they were on the wharf, in the midst of bales, boxes, teams, men running to and fro, horses backing distractly, deck-hands rattling along their noisy trucks, and, pervading everything and everybody, a strong odor of tar.

'I told you so,' laughed Alice excitedly, as they passed up the smooth gang-way plank and found their way to the saloon. She was in a high state of nervous delight, while Sue, on the other hand, was feeling sober at the thought of leaving home. She had never known how dear it was—even the old tarry docks and warehouses—until half an hour later, the last hawser was thrown off, and the ship, with a tremor from stern to stern, began that thud, thud, of the propeller-wheel which was not to cease until they should signal for a tender, off Queenstown Harbor. They all stood upon the upper deck, waving their hankerchiefs to those on the wharf, as long as they could see them.

By this time the steamer had reached the middle of the stream, and, heading for the open ocean, was soon past the Outer Light, with her journey fairly before her. Then Sue felt the surge of homesickness come over her, until it seemed as if she must fling herself overboard, rather than be borne off in this great, remorseless ship. And that little patch of blue water was to widen, widen, until it should stretch away, full three thousand miles between her and home. A large drop trickled down her cheek and fell upon her hand, which was helplessly clutching the brass rail encircling the huricane deck. As she turned away, her eyes blurred so that the great red funnel seemed as wavy as the volumes of black smoke that poured steadily out of it.

Sue knew what was the wisest thing to do in such a case, and she did it. She looked about to see whether she could help comfort anybody else. Presently she found an old lady, who was trying to adjust herself with a heavy rug, in one of those long steamer chairs that are so hard to get into when they are straightened out. Sue helped her, and then tucked the rug about her feet so nicely that the old lady thanked her, and asked her if she felt badly at leaving home. This opened Sue's heart at once, and they were soon the best of friends.

Before long, as she sat on a camp stool, talking to her new acquaintance, and to her mother, who had also been comfortably wrapped and tucked in by her little daughter, she began to have a queer feeling in the top of her head. Looking up, she noticed with some interest that the upper bar of the railing now and then dipped below the horizon line; that sometimes it went quite a distance above it; that she was leaning slightly, first one way then the other, to keep her balance, as the ship swung on the long, easy swell of the ocean; that people did not talk so much as at first; that it was very unpleasant to have the deck-steward urge her to "ave some lunch.' In short, our poor little sailor soon disappeared down the companion-way, and it seemed ages before she climbed those stairs again. Such misery as filled the next two days she had never known. O, how she longed for five minutes on shore.

'How near are we to land?' she had once asked in utter despair; and the cheery stewardess replied: 'Only a mile and a 'alf, mum; its just under us!'

Among Sue's troubles were two life-preservers, which were suspended from the ceiling of the stateroom, and tilted slightly with every motion of the ship. They were in the shape of rings, to be fastened around the body, and, in the midst of her sick fancies, she could not get the idea out of her head that they were immense doughnuts, painted white, which she must eat at once.

Father and mother recovered first, then Alice, and last of all, Sue. Then how sweet the air, how beautiful the long, foamy sweep of the waves, the rosy clouds, the passing ships that now and then fluttered, like white moths upon the horizon. She used to get up very early in the morning and the bluff, kind-hearted officer would invite her up with him on his high bridge, where she could see the whole ship spread out like a map, and could look off over the gray water and gray sky, until the east grew all aflame, and slowly, grandly, the full, bright sun arose.

'Isn't it like 'the King of glory shall come in?'' she had once said timidly to the red-bearded first-mate.

'Yes, Miss,' he had answered in his short, hearty way, 'and he comes every day, as soon as ever the gates are up.'

So the hours went by quietly, peacefully, and the faithful engine never ceased to throb, night or day. Sue watched whales and sunsets to her heart's content. Alice spent much of her time in walking up and down the deck with the captain, and learning to play shuffle-board and ring-toss. Father and mother read and t'ked, and dozed in the warm sunshine.

One of Sue's favorite occupations was to go as far forward as possible, on the upper deck, and watch the steerage passengers, of whom there were two or three hundred on board. She pitied them because they looked so poor and miserable. Some of them seemed to be returning to their old homes, discouraged and hopeless. Some laughed and talked noisily, but most of them curled up, wherever they could, on stanchions or heaps of rope, and lay there, many of them wretchedly sick, through out the day. They generally ate, drank and washed in full sight. The worst thing was that they were treated as if they were cattle. They were ordered roughly back and forth by the officers, and at a certain point a rope was drawn across the deck, to prevent them from intruding upon the cabin-passengers. They nearly all had a weary, hopeless, hunted look, which went to Sue's heart. Still, she could do nothing for them. The rules of the ship were very strict: she had carried out some grapes, after dinner one day, to a delicate-looking young girl, who had crept up on deck for the first time that morning, and for this little kindness Sue had been sharply rebuked by the head steward. 'She mustn't interfere with the steerage,' he had said; 'the Cunard company would look out for them.' So she could do nothing but watch them wistfully, and long to help them.

They were six days out from Boston. The ship had encountered head winds, and would not reach Queenstown for several days, the officers said. When Sue came on deck tkat morning, she thought she noticed a commotion among the steerage passengers. They gathered in groups, talking earnestly, and glancing now and then toward the hatchway that led to their quarters below. The sailors seemed with one accord to avoid them as far as possible. The jovial first mate was quite silent, and walked the deck with a quick, nervous step, now casting a glance at the huge mainsail, which had been set during the night, now pausing a moment to regard the ragged crowd on the deck below. Never during the voyage had there been so many of them in sight at one time. The ship fairly swarmed with them. Already the cabin passengers were eagerly inquiring what was the matter, but could learn nothing. During the whole forenoon the taciturnity and mysterious air of the officers increased, until several men of influence from the cabin, among them Mr. Raymond, waited upon the captain as a committee, to ascertain once for all the cause and nature of the disturbance that was making itself felt throughout the ship.

They found him in his little deck stateroom, talking in low, earnest tones with the ship's surgeon, and made known their errand. 'If you don't give some explanation, captain,' they said, 'there will be a regular panic on board. The ladies are afraid there is a fire in the hold, or that the ship has sprung a leak. Let us know at once what is the matter, and we will either keep silence altogether, or make such a report as shall satisfy everybody that it is nothing serious.'

'Gentlemen,' replied the captain calmly, after a moment's silence, 'you are disturbing yourselves unreasonably. I have hardly thought it necessary to explain to passengers all the proceedings on board my ship, but I am willing to tell you the trifle that has caused this alarm. An infant died in the steerage last night, of some childish disorder, and was—buried. I believe another one is sick now. The doctor was just informing me that he thought it best, as a mere matter of precaution, to fumigate the quarters. That is all.'

'And where is the sick child?'

'I left it in the steerage,' answered the doctor, 'until I could have the hospital made ready. I shall remove it myself, soon, before disinfecting the place.'

The passengers withdrew, not more than half satisfied, and Mr. Raymond went to tell his wife what he had heard. He found her in her state-room, busily talking with the stewardess, who had already told the news under a strict pledge of secrecy, 'or it will cost me my place, mem. And the poor little creature, she that's sick now—it's measles like, I think—is left there alone in that hole ofa place and only three years old and half frightened to death, no doubt.'

'But her mother is with her?' asked Mrs. Raymond.

'Indeed she's not, mem. She's just in the charge of strangers, who are taking her over to the h'old folks in Ireland, ye know. And not a soul will stay with the poor little thing, they're so frightened with the sickness, ye know. The doctor, he tried to 'ire two or three, but they won't do it. He says he'll have to be nurse for the child himself, after the smoking's over.'

'Henry' said Mrs. Raymond to her husband, 'don't you think you had better speak to Sue and Alice, and ask them not to go forward? You needn't tell them what is the matter, you know. They've been on deck since this morning.'

'You are right, dear, and I'll see if anything can be done for the child. If money can hire a nurse I'll find one.'

Without further words he left the stateroom and took his way to the deck. He soon found Alice, deep in one of Mrs. Whitney's books, behind the wheel-house.

'Allie, dear, I wouldn't go forward of the smoke-stack to-day. They're cleaning the steerage quarters, and the air is very unpleasant.'

'Very well, papa,' without looking from her book.

'Promise me, dear.'

'Why of course I won't, if you don't wish me to, sir!' said Alice surprised at her father's earnestness, and turning to see the reason. But he was gone, and she dropped back into her book. Presently he returned with a troubled face.

'Alice, have you seen Sue, lately?'

'No, papa, not since I came on deck. Why?'

'I wish very much to speak to her. Please try to find her.'

Alice turned down a leaf and rose reluctantly. At that moment the quartermaster, who was in charge of th e deck, touched his hat and said: 'I see'd you little girl on the lower deck, sir, about two hours ago, goin' forrard.'

The troubled look on Mr. Raymond's face deepened. He turned away at once. Meeting the young doctor as he did so, he spoke a few words to him in a low tone, upon which the two went immediately down the companion-way, and walked with quick steps toward the bow of the ship. They often had to pause, and pick their way around the groups of steerage passengers who lay about the deck in every conceivable position. Some of them stared at the well-dressed gentleman with the troubled face, and some of the began a question to the doctor; but the two kept on without a word. Past the kitchen, with its steamy, vegetable odors, past the engine room, and its never-resting, polished steel bars vibrating up and down, back and forth. At each of these places the doctor asked a single question of the men in charge and then went on. Not a nook nor corner, not a ragged, woeful-faced group of women and children escaped the anxious, searching glance of the father's eye. The walk was repeated on the other side of the ship, but without result. As they passed one door a sickening, sulphury odor crept out, and a few curls of smoke.

'They're preparing for the fumigation,' explained the doctor, keenly watching his companion's face. 'I thought we'd best do it, to satisfy the authorities.'

Then they went straight to the head of the stairs that led to the dark, ill-ventilated steerage. There the doctor paused and checked Mr. Raymond with his hand.

'I wouldn't go down there,' he said, lightly, with his rising English accent; 'it's rather a disagreeable place, you know.' Suddenly his face changed. 'Hark!' he said. And Mr. Raymond listened.

Faintly, sweetly came a girlish voice up out of the darkness. Some one was singing. Ah, if the roar of the wind and the dull breaking of waters against the bows would but stop for one little moment! Hark—they could hear the words now:

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

The doctor glanced again at Mr. Raymond's face. It was blanched white as the foam on the wave-tops that could be seen over the bulwarks as the ship rolled.

'Doctor,' he said, 'let me pass. That is my little girl singing.'

'Oh, never mind,' said the doctor, still holding his arm across the companionway; 'I'll go down and get her up.'

'Doctor, why won't you let me—you said—'

The surgeon glanced over his shoulder and saw that they were alone. Then he looked the other full in the eye, and said slowly:

'Because it—is—small-pox.'

'Then for God's sake let me go by! Stand aside, I say, or I'll knock you down and pass over you!' For the tall, wiry young doctor had placed himself before him, and was directly blocking the way.

'You will do no such thing, sir. You are not strong enough to master me, and if you try, I will have you put in irons. I will go down and bring your daughter up. She shall occupy my stateroom for the rest of the voyage. If her mother chooses to share it with her, and keep away from you until we land, she may do so. You cannot see her, and afterward go back among the passengers.'

"While the billows near me roll."

Again the childish tones, with a little tired tremble in them, rose above the sound of the waters. Mr. Raymond covered his face with his hands a moment, then turned away.

'Her mother will come,' he said.

The doctor quickly descended the stairs. The steerage was divided by rough partitions into small compartments, around the sides in the open space in the centre, where were the dining-tables made of pine boards, once clean and fresh, but now stained to a dingy brown. In each compartment were six berths, three on a side, one over the other. These berths were filled with various untidy heaps of bed-clothing, as their occupants had hurridly left them in the morning, and the air of the whole place was foul and stifling. In the farthest corner, on the edge of one of the wide berths, sat Sue, her pretty brown steamer-hood thrown back on her shoulders, holding the sick child in her lap, bending over it, and rocking it to and fro as she sung.

'I am glad you've come, doctor' she said simply. 'I was getting tired. Have you found anybody to take care of this little girl? Because if you haven't, I am going to stay with her to-night.'

'Do you know what is the matter with her?'

'Yes, sir; one of the steerage passengers told me. There, there, baby'—and the little woman began again to sing to the child, who was turning restlessly in her arms.

I will not say what made the doctor's eyes shine so, just then. I never saw a doctor cry, although I suppose they do sometimes, like other people. At any rate he turned his head away sharply for a half minute; then he told Sue he would see if the 'hospital' was all ready, and would be back presently. In three minutes, he thought.

Those minutes seemed very long to Sue. Her arms ached, and her throat was tired with singing and talking. And the sick child being dressed in clothes by no means clean or dainty at the beginning of the voyage, and still less now, was not so pleasant to hold as the babies Sue had loved to tend at home.

'But he took them in his arms,' she thought wearily; 'and Palestine babies were no nicer than steerage babies, I guess.' Then came thoughts of what might happen next. Would she, too, be sick of that terrible disease? Would it be for a long time? Would she—die?

'There was no more sea,' she went on to herself, as the ship lurched heavily before the freshening breeze. 'That's good to think of. Only there wont be any sunsets. Oh, if He would only come walking on the water, and make those great waves stop, and—and—put out His hand, and—cure—'

Sue felt a great lump in her throat. She heard the doctor's step on the stairs. Her head reeled with the long confinement and the foul air breathed. She laid the baby gently on the bed, and—the next face she saw was her mother's.

She was in a funny little stateroom which had besige the furnishings of her own room a cosy shelf of books, a comfortable easy chair, and several small but brilliant prints on the wall. The red sunset light just struck through the window and rested warmly on the pretty white coverlet.

Sue felt too weak and tired to talk, that is, by words. But dear me, deaf and dumb people are not the only ones who talk with their fingers. Sue gave a little squeeze to her mother's hand, and I suppose it would take something like half a page for me to write out what she said by it. And her mother answered her another half page in the same way. Only she did more. She said,

'The baby is better, Sue. She is comfortably put to bed in the little ship's hospital, and papa has found a good natured Scotch girl to take care of her. The doctor says my little daughter's nursing, this forenoon, saved her life.'

I would like to tell you about the last four days of that voyage. How the cabin-passengers passed a vote of thanks to 'Miss Sue Raymond, for her heroism and devotion,' and sent them by the doctor. How the steerage passengers, who did not know how to express themselves in such fine language, were not content with one message but waylaid the doctor every time he showed his face among them, and sent their humble thanks and blessings to the little voluntary prisoner: how, last of all, a foremost-hand among the sailors rolled clumsily up to Mr. Raymond one morning, and placed in his hand a neat oil-painting of the 'Samaria,' upon which he had spent all his spare time, and not a few shillings and pence, during the last few months, with the hope of selling it by shares to the rich folks, on some voyage when there was a crowd aboard.

'Please give it to the young Miss, sir,' he said, 'and tell her as how, if there's any thing that'll make the boys decent when they're on shore, it be thinking of her.'

Best of all the baby did improve rapidly, and the doctor finally announced that the disease although at first threatening had taken one of its many milder forms and the danger was over.

'Yes, Sue had it' but very lightly, and her mother not at all. It only kept them in quiet rooms on the outskirts of Liverpool, for a week or ten days more than they had intended. They then went on and had their good time.

Decline of Counterfeiting.

An industry which was formerly of great importance, but which has dwindled into insignificance, is the manufacture of counterfeit money. It had many able exponents, but like more exalted occupations, it has suffered from the want of a proper system of apprenticeship. The great masters of a generation ago have disappeared, either through death or other enforced retirement, and no one has been trained to take their places. The chief cause of this, in the opinion of a national bank officer who was discussing the question recently, is the increased vigilance and activity of the government.

'The task of the government, however, has been very much easier,' said he, 'by reason of the fact that since the war there have been no state banks to issue currency. Under the old system there were so many styles of bills it was almost impossible to keep track of them all, so as to distinguish the counterfeit from the genuine. The difficulty was all the greater because the bank bills were of so low a grade of workmanship that it was very easy to counterfeit them. Consequently counterfeiting was a regular business. During the war, when the government had its hands full of other matters, the business flourished. For some time after the war, also, counterfeiting was very common.'

'What else has hurt the business?'

'Well the processes of manufacturing both specie and bills are constantly becoming more delicate and costly. To turn out an absoluely perfect bill or coin now requires very expensive and bulky machinery. No counterfeiter has the money to buy such machinery and no place to put it up in if he had it. Consequently his goods are inferior and easily detected. In former times a skillful workman could turn out 'queer' money. Processes of manufacture were simple. Then it was impossible to crush the business even with liberal use of death penalty Now a counterfeit note or coin is seldom seen in a bank. Genteel crooks have turned from counterfeiting to the 'sawdust' game. It is safer and more profitable.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

—SUBSCRIBE for the JOURNAL.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1887.

Published by R. A. BUMILLER

Democratic County Committee, 1887

Bellefonte	N. W.	H. Y. Stitzer.
	S. W.	Edward Brown, Jr.
	W. W.	James Schofield.
Howard Boro		A. Weber.
Milesburg Boro		A. C. Witherite.
Millheim Boro		A. A. Frank.
Centre Hall Boro		D. J. Meyer.
Philipsburg	1st W.	C. G. Herlinger.
	2nd W.	Henry Lehman.
	3rd W.	A. J. Graham.
Unionville Boro		A. J. Griest.
Benner twp		Thomas J. Frazer.
Boggs twp, N. P.		
" W. P.		Milligan Walker.
" E. P.		H. L. Harvey.
Burnside twp		Anson V. Dougherty.
College twp		John I. Williams.
Curtin twp		David Brickley.
Ferguson twp, E. P.		Henry Kreps.
" W. P.		Frank Bowersox.
Gregg twp, S. P.		Hiram Grove.
" N. P.		Josiah C. Rossman.
Haines twp, E. P.		William E. Keen.
" W. P.		George W. Keister.
Half Moon twp		William T. Bailey.
Harris twp		Frank E. Weiland.
Howard twp		John Glenn.
Huston twp		William Irwin.
Liberty twp		William H. Gardner.
Marion twp		John Ishler.
Miles twp		A. N. Corman.
Patton twp		J. C. Eckley.
Penn twp		Wm. H. Kreamer.
Potter twp, N. P.		F. A. Foreman.
" S. P.		W. W. Royer.
Rush twp, S. P.		Jacob M. Clarr.
" N. P.		John B. Howe.
Snow Shoe, W. P.		Andrew J. Lucas.
" E. P.		James Redding.
Spring twp		William Woods.
Taylor twp		Wm Calderwook.
Walker twp		John H. Beck.
Worth twp		G. J. Woodring.
Union twp		Charles McGarvey.

H. Y. STITZER, Secretary. JAMES A. McCLAIN, Chairman.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE,
JOHN GROVE, of Gregg township.

FOR SHERIFF,
JOHN NOLL, of Bellefonte.

FOR TREASURER,
JAMES KIMPORT, of Harris township.

FOR REGISTER,
JOHN A. RUPP, of College township.

FOR RECORDER,
W. GALER MORRISON, of Worth twp.

FOR COMMISSIONERS,
A. J. GRIEST, of Unionville,
M. S. FIEDLER, of Haines township.

FOR AUDITORS,
F. F. JAMISON, Gregg township.
H. A. McKEE, Spring township.

J. H. KEATTY, of Iowa, is the successor of Oscar J. Harvey, the forger, as chief of division in the treasury department. Keatty is a former Pennsylvanian.

THE prohibition state ticket is as follows: Dallas C. Irish, for state treasurer, John B. Chase, for judge of supreme court. Of course the ticket of the third party it always subject to sure defeat and this is about the last we'll hear of it.

THAT great republican blusterer, Gov. Foraker seems bound to make political, and of course republican organizations out of the G. A. R. posts. His order at Wheeling, the other day that the veterans must not pass in parade under a portrait of President Cleveland, is unmistakable proof of his mean partisan spirit. And strange to say the order was obeyed by some of the veterans, while the majority were disgusted and indignant over the conduct of Foraker.

THE answers received to inquiries sent out by the Kansas City *Times* through Kansas and Missouri as to the presidental preferences show that the west is practically settling down to Cleveland and Blaine as the candidates in 1888. In Missouri 270 answers from democrats were received. Of these 251 were for Cleveland, 3 for Thurman, 1 for Wade Hampton, and the rest scattering. The republicans sent 261 answers, of which 125 were for Blaine, 77 for Sherman 41 for Lincoln, and the rest scattering. In Kansas 326 democrats answered as follows: Cleveland, 306; Thurman, 7; Hill, 6; the remainder scattering. The republicans sent 302 answers, of which 181 were for Blaine, 86 for Sherman, 44 for Lincoln, and the rest scattering.

A LITTLE more than two months hence the Democrats of Centre county, if they are so minded, will have a chance to show their Republican friends that the nominations made last Tuesday was simply a matter of form. In other words the success of the Democratic ticket is beyond a question of doubt, if the Democrats see proper to organize thoroughly and form a solid front in November. And we think the rank and file of the party are fully awake to their duty and are ready to go into the fight with the set determination to win and win with rousing majorities. This thing of "kicking" and knifing their own candidates has proven too dangerous an experiment to the Democratic party in the past to indulge in it again and the mass of the Democratic voters are solid for their ticket for the sake of party victory.

THE Democratic State Convention assembled at Allentown yesterday and on Tuesday already something like a thousand strangers filled the town. As far as candidates are concerned nothing can be said at this writing, but it was apparent on Tuesday that everybody was most concerned about what the platform would have to say. A dispatch to yesterday's Harrisburg *Patriot* reports as follows:

ALLENTOWN, Aug., 30., 1.40 A. M.—The temporary president of the convention will be George A. Post, of Susquehanna county, and the permanent chairman, S. R. Peale, of Clinton.

At this writing it looks as if the tariff problem would be solved by the adoption of a resolution declaring a reaffirmation of the Chicago platform as interpreted by President Cleveland in his last annual message, which will be followed by quoting Singerly's resolution. This is regarded as a compromise, but it is in reality the consummation of the wishes of the tarriff reformers.

THE Republicans had their say on last Tuesday when they assembled in convention at Bellefonte to nominate a full county ticket. The following are the nominees: Daniel Rhoads, of Bellefonte, for Associate Judge; Robert Cook, Jr., of Howard township, for Sheriff; Cyrus Goss, of Ferguson township, for Treasurer; T. C. Gramley, of Miles township, for Register; J. F. Harter, of Millheim, for Recorder; John D. Decker, of Potter township and J. C. Henderson, of Huston township, for Commissioners. A right good set of men, but not one jot better than the democratic nominees and as they represent the minority party in the county we are sorry to say that their doom is settled before hand, with one exception—that of the candidates for commissioners. One thing is remarkable in the nominations made. The convention took very good care to throw a goodly amount of "taffy" on this side of the mountain, likely for a bait for shaky Democrats. But the bait will turn sour before long and sensible Democrats will never bite in this campaign.

LAST week's *Gazette*, the radical republican organ of Bellefonte, comes out with very attractive headings onits editorial page, set in one-inch type and reading "Bugs!" "Lice!" Under these interesting head-lines follows the surprising statement that a democratic grand jury in their report to the court vindicates the *Keystone Gazette* in its charges about mismanagement of the county jail. We annex that part of the report referring to the jail and leave it to an intelligent reading public to find in said report anything that might resemble a bug or a louse. The bad condition of the jail is blamed to the defective water pipes, want of ventilation, and poor water closets, and as the sheriff is unable to make any change or improvements in the the fixed architecture of the jail building we fail to see why the *Gazette* insists in putting the blame where it does not belong. The arrangement of thebuilding is anything but practical or healthful and brother Fiedler would no doubt find it as difficult to keep the jail clean as the officer upon whom he vents his prejudice and ill will. If Fiedler thinks that kind of political literature will turn the county over to the Republican party, we predict a sad and lasting disappointment for him. Read the report of the grand jury and judge for yourselves as to the truth of the *Gazette's* lies:

In the case of the county jail we find the part occupied by the sheriff and his family, together with the sheriff's office in good condition, except in the hall under the bath room, where the water has run through from the bath room above and causing the plastering to become loose.

We also find a pile of filfth and rubbish near the north-east corner of the jail yard, which we think should be at once removed.

In the part of the jail occupied by the prisoners, we find some of the cells damp and wet, appearing to have been caused by defective water pipes; and we find a damp and unwholesome smell pervading the whole of that part of the building, caused by the want of proper ventilation and lack of attention.

The water closets in the different cells are, we think, another cause of the condition of the building and we would recommend the removal of said closets.

And we also recommend that all the vermin and filth be removed from the jail building.

We therefore think that a proper water closet should be erected for the use of the jail with proper drainage pipes leading from them to the general drainage pipes of the borough.

We also recommend some suitable bath rooms for the use of the prisoners.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)
WASHINGTON, Aug. 29, 1887.

It seems to me that the public land policy of this Administration commends it to the favor of the people far more than any other measure it has adopted. There has been no cessation in the great work of overhauling the swindling manipulations of hungry land-sharks, and the powerful railway corporations have also been made to disgorge much of a free people's birth-right, ruthlessly given away by Republican Administration. Under the swamp-land law, passed by Congress in 1850, authority was granted certain States, with public lands in their borders, to drain and reclaim all swamp and overflowed lands, preparing them for purposes of agriculture; later, acts were passed granting to the States with such lands and indemnity of $1.25 per acre for each acre of swamp land sold by the Government after the act of 1850 and up to the date of the indemnity act of 1855. Then in 1857 Congress passed a law securing to each State the titles to such tracts as were condemned by the several States as swamp lands. Now, so far as can be ascertained, Louisiana is the only State that has made any attempt to reclaim these lands, and that was soon abandoned. You can at a thought see what a vast field of fraud was invitingly opened by the Government, full advantage of which was taken by thousands of unscrupulous persons who falsely swore away millions of acres of the most fertile public lands, the settlers and the United States land agents often making a "combine" against the Government in their nefarious work. As the swamp law was passed thirty-seven years ago, if the law has been carried out in good faith, the States would have long since reclaimed all such lands; but still "swamp land claims" are being almost daily presented. The malacious attack made upon Commissioner Sparks are solely due to his efforts to check and correct this gigantic swindle, for which he is entitled to the highest praise.

Civil Service reform seems to be making pretty fair progress under the new regulations requiring clerks in office to be examined. A few days ago the Civil Service Commission received from the Secretary of Navy a request for the certificates of 212 elegibles, all males, from which 53 selections may be made to fill existing vacancies. To supply this, the largest requisition ever made on the Commission, at least four certificates were made for each of the States and Territories. The Civil Service Commissioners are divided in opinion in regard to the power of dismissal, Mr. Edgerton, holding that the appointing authority has absolute power of dismissal, while his colleagues contend that such power is restricted by the Civil Service Law.

The Interstate Commerce Law seems to be steadily growing in popular favor. Senator Butler of South Carolina who opposed the measure, has been won over by his recent experience in a railroad collission, and in consequence, he proposes to introduce amendments to the law, regulating the speed of trains and limiting the time of railroad employes to twelve hours consecutive service in a day.

National Bank depositories now hold a larger sum of Government funds than ever before, the amount being $20,257,204.

Over seven million and a half trade-dollars have been redeemed to date, more than half of which have been recoined into dimes.

The testimony in seven contested election cases has been received and printed by the clerk of the House of Representatives, which, I believe, is a much smaller number than usual.

At the last Cabinet meeting, for the first time during this Administration, all the members were absent, except Secretary Bayard, the other portfolios being represented by Assistant Secretaries.

As it is regarded as practically settled that President Cleveland will be renominated, some interest is being manifested in the nomination for Vice-President, and both Postmaster-General Vilas and Commissioner Black have been often mentioned. Many long-headed Democratic statesmen and politicians are understood to favor a soldier for second place, and it is probable the President is of the same opinion.

A pair of good Republicans, one a claim Attorney, and the other a Government clerk, were arrested a few days since for stealing public records from the Pension Office. For such a crime the punishment is five years in the penitentiary.

Miscellaneous News.

Extraordinary Whiskers.

John Young, of Roaring Springs, Blair county, can part his beard in the middle, and after wrapping it three times around his neck tie the ends,

Death of Ex-Judge Soule.

FRANCONIA, N. H., Aug 26.—Augustus Lord Soule, a distinguished member of the Hampden county (Mass.) bar and a former justice of the supreme court of Massachusetts, died at his summer home near here. He was about sixty years old.

The Chatsworth Disaster.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa, Aug. 26.—A protection fund has been started by Grand Chief Foreman Tutor, of the railway station-men's association, to secure a fair trial for Tim Cloughlin the section foreman charged with the responsibility of the Chatsworth rail road disaster, and to sustain his family until his guilt or innocence is proved.

—John have you seen that woman lately?

John, in astonishment: What woman? That woman picking Grapes for Speer's Wine. Just see her in another column and read about it, the wines are found by chemists to be absolutely pure and equal to the best in the World. The Board of Health in Large Cities and leading Hospitals have adopted their use where wines are needed.

Awaiting Their Doom.

CHICAGO, Aug. 30.—A week from to-day the fate of the anarchists now confined in the county jail will be made public. The Supreme court meets at Ottawa on Tuesday next, and the decision on the appeal will be among the first papers to be handed down. As the day approaches the condemned men are showing signs of anxiety, and although it is given out by their friends that they are confident of receiving a new trial, their actions belie the statement.

A Colored Child Lacerated by Rats.

READING, August 27,—People in the northern part of the city are terribly excited over the report that a colored baby was nearly devoured by large rats during last night. At the residence of the parents it was found that the child's face was lacerated in a most shocking manner. The blood oozed from the whole face and neck and trickled down over the disfigured face. Physicians were quickly summoned, but it is believed the child will die. A trap was set to-day and a rat as large as a good-sized kitten was caught. Many others equally as large, were seen.

His Hearing Restored by Prayer.

BLUE SPRINGS, Neb., Aug 28.—The Free Methodists have been holding a campmeeting here for some time, and fifteen persons professed conversion. Among them is J. J. Bently, who since 1863 had been deaf in one ear, and for the past three years and up to the time of the meeting totally deaf in both ears. Night before last during an experience meeting, he spoke of this as a thorn in his flesh, and asked to be prayed for. All present knelt, and fervent prayers were offered that he might be healed. Suddenly, during the devotions, he sprang to his feet shouting, "Glory to God! My hearing is restored!" and since that time he has been able to hear perfectly.

A Novel Bet.

While I am not a better man, said F. J. Cheney, of the firm of H. J. Cheney & Co., I considered it my religious duty to make that fellow a bet. You see he was about dead, and I guess he would of died before Spring, if I had not of got him on the bet. You know some men had rather loose their life than loose a hundred, well as he was one of that kind, and we both came near being out, but I saved my hundred and it only cost him ten dollars. How's that? He sent for me one day and said the doctors had all given him up to die, with the catarrh. I told him that I would bet him $100 that Hall's Catarrh Cure would cure him or I would give him $100 if it failed. He took the latter proposition. This was three months ago; you see how he looks now. don't you, as well as anyone, and a dandy.—*American*, Toledo, O.

A Boiler Explosion.

BRADFORD, Pa., Aug. 30.—A twenty-horse power boiler exploded at Kane & Ryan's boiler works, in this city, this afternoon, partially wrecking a large warehouse. James A. Kane, one of the proprietors, was blown to pieces, and an employe named Goodfrey, was seriously burned by escaping steam.

Would Not Pass Under Cleveland's Portrait.

WHEELING, W. Va., Aug. 26.—The members of the grand army demonstration in this city to-day refused to pass under a portrait of President Cleveland suspended from the *Register* office. The entire column made a detour and dropped their colors in passing the picture. The action caused considerable excitement in the city. There were over 5,000 veterans in line from Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia.

Action of G. A. R. Condemned.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 30.—The refusal of Grand Army posts to march under the Cleveland arch at Wheeling has created a vast amount of feeling in the Grand Army circles here. Last evening Scott post No. 464, G. A. R., passed resolutions giving the course of the Grand Army men at Wheeling the most unqualfied disapproval and disapprobation.

The Northumberland Democrats.

SUNBURY, Pa., Aug. 29,—The democratic county convention met here to-day and nominated the following ticket. Sheriff, J. H. Zimmerman, of Shamokin; prothonotary, H. F. Mann, of Sunbury; treasurer, R. C. McWilliams, of Point; county commissions, W. W. Tubert, and Daniel Kauffman, of Lower Augusta; coroner, Dr. F. D. Raker, of Shamokin; auditors, Moses Band Lewis, H. M. Rhoads and Z. Erb.

Husband a Priest, Wife a Nun.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 28.—Albert Verhoven, formerly of this city, but more recently a student at Lawrence university, Appleton, has decided to become a Roman Catholic priest, and has gone to St. Meinard, Ind. for preparation. His wife is to become a nun. Mr. Verhoven owns valuable property here and in various parts of the state, and has heretofore been a devout Methodist. There was a parallel case some sixteen years ago in Baltimore. A man and his wife, and two daughters and two sons, became converted to the Catholic faith, and all of them engaged in the church work—the father and sons as priests and the mother and daughters as sisters.

It was a Spark from a Miner's Lamp.

SHENANDOAH, Aug. 29.—Robert Martin was killed, George Lawson fatally and four other miners badly injured by an explosion of daulin at Draper colliery, Gilberton, this morning. At the bottom of the slope is a miner's supply house, where the men were receiving daulin. Martin was handling a stick when a spark from his lamp fell on the primed end exploded it, blowing Martin into an unrecognizible mass of flesh, which had to be gathered into a box for transfer to his late home. George Lawson had one leg and an arm blown off, and was otherwise injured so that death is only a question of a few hours. Strangely enough, in the boot of his uninjured leg was a stick of dualin that was not exploded. Lawson has a wife and several children. Martin was an unmarried man. The injuries of the others are not serious. The accident is one of the strangest ever known here.

A Drill Six Feet Long Blown Through a Miner's Body.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Aug. 28—At 10 o'clock this morning, Miner George Eyere, a German, aged 50 years, and a man of family met with a horrible death in the Gaylord slope of the Kingston coal company, at Plymouth. He was engaged at the time in tamping a drill-hole in a breast of anthracite with powder, prior to blasting. The proceeding is always a dangerous one, and great care is generally taken in the work. The drill used by Eyere was six feetlong and an inch and a half in diameter. While pounding the powder vigorously it ignited by friction, and caused a loud explosion. When the neighboring miners ran to see what had caused the trouble they found Eyere lying on his back, having been blown some distance away, his drill having passed entirely through his right breast, just under the shoulder. He was de ad and covered with blood. His body was sent to the surface and carried to his grief-stricken family.

HIS STRENGTH IN THE SOUTH.

Senator Butler Says There Is But One Sentiment in the South.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—Senator Butler, of South Carolina, in speaking of President Cleveland, said that his renomination next year by the national democratic convention is certain if the president lives. "Why, there is but one sentiment in the party," he continued, "and that is in support of the presideut. The grumblers are to few to amount to anything. The south is solid for Cleveland and he will be re-elected. In my opinion Blaine will be the republican mominee and Cleveland will defeat him again. If the present general prosperity continues until the next presidential election there is no telling what the vote for Cleveland will be. Cleveland's great strength hes in the confidence the business interests have in him. He is safe, conservative and cautious. All masses of business men, including farmers say that he is a safe man at the head of the government, and they will continue him there. I was recently in a party of northern capitalists, all republicans, and though we did not talk politics, they let fall complimentary remarks about this administration. Now while such men might not vote for him, they perhaps would not vote against him. Their expressions indicate a negative force that would count at the polls."

PLAGUE-STRICKEN PLYMOUTH.

Another Epidemic Imminent in an Unfortunate Luzerne Town.

WILKESBARRE. August 27.—Two new cases of fever are reported in the town of Plymouth to-day, and the greatest apprehension exists among the seven thousand people of the borough. It is feared that another epidemic is about to visit the place. Gross carelessness is charged against the authorities. When the last victim of the great epidemic of two years ago, which caused the death of more than one hundred persons, had been buried, public opinion demanded that the town be sewered and other improvements made to ward off contagious diseases in the future; but there was delay and with it came indifference. A great many of the well-to-do citizens were opposed to any improvements which would result in the outlay of a large sum of money, and the Borough Council refused to act in harmony.

The outcome of all this carelessness and indifference was that the streets remained in the same filthy condition, no sewers were built and stagnant water was allowed to accumulate in the many pond holes in and about the town. To cap the climax three or four men engaged in the business of cleaning cess-pools hauled the contents of vaults through the streets in broad daylight. A number of residents of the town were shortly taken down with fever and the physicians of town have now come to the conclusion that the disease originated and was transmitted by the exposure of impure matter. The cess-pools emptied have not been cleaned for four or five years.

Just where the present crisis will end, no one is able to say.

Physicians interviewed say they hope for the best. The Borough Council has ordered that all the nuisances be abated at once, and that a general cleaning up throughout the town be inaugurated. Many believe that the order comes too late. In order to make doubly sure that the contents of the vaults are not exposed again, the Burgess has ordered the digging of a long trench for the desposit of such material.

Heretotore it was the custom of contractors to dump the contents of the barrels on the flats, one-half mile below thetown. The hot sun had the effect of drying the material very fast and then the wind carried the deadly seed into the town. Owen Jones, a member of the Plymonth Band died last Monday of fever; S. T. Clark, of Centre avenue died Wednesday night of the same disease and was buried to-day. Mary E. Thomas died this morning. There are many other cases beyond the hope of recovery.

DAUGHTERS, WIVES, MOTHERS.—Physicians heartily endorse the use of Speer's celebrated Port Grape Wine for the use of debilitated females. It is not an intoxicant, and is absolutely pure, being made from grapes grown at Mr. Speer's Mount Prospect Vineyards, Passaic, N. J., from vines imported from the Port wine districts of Portugal.

For sale by druggists.

Millheim Market.

Corrected every Wednesday, by Whitmer & Lincoln Coburn, Pa.

Wheat, red	80
" white	77
Corn	45
Rye	50
Oats white	30
Buckwheat	50
Flour, Roller	1.30
Salt, per barrel	1.40
Land Salt, per ton	7.87
Plaster, ground	9.00
Cement, per bushel	45
Barley	40
Timothyseed	1.25
Flaxseed	1.00
Cloverseed	4.00-1.50
Butter	12
Hams	14
Sides	6
Veal	
Pork	4
Beef	5
Eggs	12
Potatoes	40
Lard	8

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

CAUTION.—Notice is hereby given that my wife, Jane Ellen Rine, formerly Jane Ellen Calhaun, has left my bed and board, without just cause or provocation. All persons are therefore cautioned not to harbor or trust her on my account, as I will pay no debts contracted by her after this date.

GEORGE RINE, farmer,
33-3t one mile east of Wolf's store.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between D. S. Kauffman and E. H. Long, trading under the firm name of D. S. Kauffman & Co., has been dissolved this day by mutual consent. The business will be carried on at the old stand on Main street by D. S. Kauffman, who collects all the accounts due the firm and to whom all claims against the firm must be presented for settlement.

D. S. KAUFFMAN,
Millheim, July 25th, '87. E. H. LONG.

PATENTS F. A. Lehmann, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular. 34-4t

NOTICE.—Wesley H. Feese, of Hartley township, Union county, hereby gives notice that he has applied for one hundred acres of unimproved lands, situate in Haines township, Centre county, adjoining lands of Jacob Feese on the west, Cook and Perdee on the south, Robert McElroy on the east, and Henry Lantz on the north.

August 11th, 1887. 31-3t

EXECUTORS' SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—The undersigned, executors of the estate of Jeremiah Hoy, late of Gregg township, deceased, will sell at public sale, on the premises of decedent, two miles west of Madisonburg, on

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9TH, 1887,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate:

All that certain tract of land, situate as aforesaid, bounded on the east by land of John Hauck and others, on the north by land of Wm. Yearick and others, on the west by land of Jeremiah Hoy, Jr., and others, on the south by land of Harvey Vonada, containing 145 ACRES, more or less. 100 acres thereof are cleared and in a good state of cultivation. Thereon erected

A TWO-STORY HOUSE, BANK BARN,

and other outbuildings. Good running water and two orchards of choice fruit on the premises.

The remaining forty-five acres are covered with good young oak timber.

Terms to be made known on day of sale.

ISRAEL VONADA,
SAM'L WISE,
Executors.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of John Garey, late of Haines township, Centre Co., Pa., having been granted to the subscriber, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. Time and place for settlement, forenoon of September 3rd, 1887, at the late residence of decedent.

DAVID GEARY,
Executor.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

THE GREAT Unfailing Specific FOR LIVER DISEASE.

SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth; tongue coated white or covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, side, or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; sour stomach; loss of appetite; sometimes nausea and waterbrash, or indigestion; bloated, or acid eructations; bowels alternately costive and lax; headache; loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; debility; low spirits; a thick, yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high-colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR,
PURELY VEGETABLE,
AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR

Malaria, Dyspepsia,
Constipation, Biliousness,
Sick Headache, Jaundice,
Nausea, Colic,
Mental Depression, Bowel Complaints,
Etc., Etc., Etc.,

Is generally used in the South to arouse the Torpid Liver to a healthy action.

It acts without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. It regulates the Liver, and causes the bile to act as the purge. The excess of bile being removed, a tonic effect is produced and health is perfectly restored.

The Regulator is given with safety and the happiest results to the most delicate infant. For all diseases in which a laxative, alterative or purgative is needed it will give the most perfect satisfaction. The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!

THERE IS BUT ONE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR!

See that you get the genuine, with the red Z on front of Wrapper, prepared only by

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

KASKINE
(THE NEW QUININE.)

GIVES
Good Appetite,
New Strength.
Quiet Nerves.
Happy Days.
Sweet Sleep.

A POWERFUL TONIC
that the most delicate stomach will bear.
A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA,
RHEUMATISM,
NERVOUS PROSTRATION,
and all Germ Diseases.

THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND SUCCESSFUL BLOOD PURIFIER. Superior to quinine. Rev. Wm. Lucas, Rector Grace Church, Ravenna, O. writes: "I cordially endorse Kaskine as being just what you claim, an excellent substitute for quinine, with none of its bad effects. Mrs. Lucas had a serious form of malaria, and was confined to her bed for months. Kaskine had her up and around in a few days, and in a short time cured her."

Living in the malaria districts of Maryland I became a victim of worst forms of malarial fever. I drugged myself with quinine and other remedies with out avail. I was greatly reduced when I heard of Kaskine. Its curative powers were a medical revelation to me. It cured me and I have not had a return of the troubles (Prof.) J. D. Hird, B. A., Asst. Chemist, Maryland Agricultural College.

Letters from the above persons, giving full details, will be sent on application.

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Educate for Life
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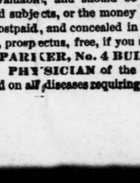

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The above cut represents the obverse and reverse sides of the GOLD and JEWELLED MEDAL presented to Dr. W. H. Parker by the NATIONAL MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, in recognition of his masterly Medical Treatise, entitled the SCIENCE OF LIFE OR SELF PRESERVATION, which treats upon Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Exhausted Vitality, and the ten thousand ills that flesh is heir to, whether arising from Errors of Youth, Imprudence, Over Taxation, Excesses, Accidental or Constitutional Predisposition. It is an invaluable treatise for the Young, the Middle-Aged, and even the Old, whether in health or disease. No other work equal to it has ever been published. It has been highly praised by the newspaper press throughout the country, and even in England. Three hundred pages, substantially bound, embossed muslin, full gilt. Contains 125 extraordinary prescriptions for prevailing diseases, either one of which is worth five times the price of the book, while some of them are absolutely invaluable, and should be in the hands of everybody. Guaranteed the best work upon the above named subjects, or the money returned in every instance.

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WEAKNESS, &c., and all disorders brought on by indiscretions, excesses or overwork of the Brain and Nervous System, speedily and radically cured by
WINCHESTER'S SPECIFIC PILL
a purely vegetable preparation, the most successful remedy known. Send for circular. Price $1 per box; Six Boxes, $5, by mail. WINCHESTER & CO., Chemist, 162 William St., New York. 34-4t

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SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA.
FUNNY HITS! QUICK SALES!
FUNNY CUTS! BIG PROFITS!
One Agent made in three weeks $138; one in six days $94.50; one in 10 days $145; one in 3 days $36.50; one in three weeks $103.50—$300 in 7 weeks! It takes off Saratoga *follies, flirtations*, low necks, *dudes, pug dogs*, etc., in the author's inimitable *mirth-provoking* style. The 100 comic cuts are *just killing*. People crazy to get it. Price (by mail or agent) $2.50. Apply for agency (and make $70 to 75 a week) to HUBBARD BROS., Philadelphia, Pa.

Hay Fever CATARRH
is an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear ducts & throat. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes.

Try the Cure, HAY-FEVER
ELY'S CREAM BALM
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents a Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 235 Green-St., New York.

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Fine Single and Double Teams always in readiness for the use of guests.

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WHIPS & FLYNETTS,
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Harness made to order, and repairing neatly and promptly done.
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Anything not on hand will be cheerfully ordered.
HORSE COLLARS,
especially adapted for farmers' use and all ordinary team work. A STAPLE ARTICLE, at prices to suit all purses.
A call at my place and a trial of my goods will convince you that I deal fairly and squarely.
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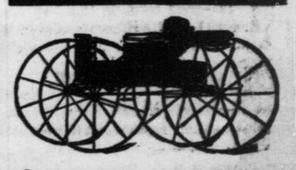

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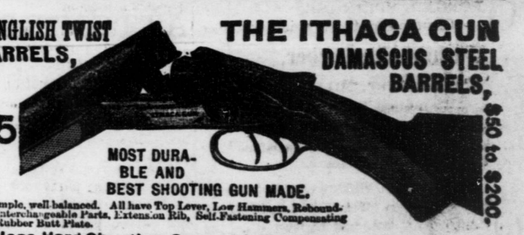
THE ITHACA GUN
DAMASCUS STEEL BARRELS,



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Close Hard Shooting Guns at Long Range a Specialty.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
ITHACA GUN CO., - - - ITHACA, N. Y.

LET ALL THE PEOPLE OF
Penns and Brush Valleys
REMEMBER
that I will carry as complete and select a
STOCK OF GOODS
and will sell as CHEAP as any other store in this region. You are cordially invited to call.
☞ Under the new regime the expenses of the establishment are greatly reduced and I can and will give my customers the benefit of the reduction.
More anon.
Respectfully,
D. S. KAUFFMAN.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1887.

Published by R. A. BUMILLER.

Local Paragraphs.

—Fine nights to sleep.

—Try us for fine job printing.

—Brimfull, my drug department.
D. S. KAUFFMAN.

—John Stover, of Painter, Mifflin Co., was in town this week.

—*GHEEN & SPIGLEMYER'S* Clothing and Ladies wraps are here.4t.

—Another lot of sweet potatoes and Watermelons just received at J. W. Stover's.

—*Mr.* Wm. Angstadt and wife, of Lewisburg, are visitors at J. W. Stover's this week.

—*Mr.* and *Mrs.* H. K. Luse left for Baltimore, *Md.*, on last Saturday to locate permanently.

—John Sweeny, an old citizen of Pleasant Gap, died on Sunday morning. He was in his 81st year.

—Rev. M. B. Spayd, of Selinsgrove, will preach in the U. B. church of this place next Sunday evening.

—Jerome Spigelmyer was to Bellefonte on Tuesday as a delegate to the Republican county convention.

—The congregational mite society of the Lutheran church of this place meets in the chapel this evening.

—D. R. Foreman, clerk in the Prothonotary's office, Bellefonte, was hereabouts last Saturday, looking first-rate.

—Wednesday and Thursday, September 7th and 8th, are the last days for the registration of voters. Don't forget.

—*Mrs.* Eliza Wolf, of *Mifflin* Co., enjoyed the hospitality of *Mrs.* B. O. Deininger, of *Main* street last Saturday.

—Among those in attendance at the Republican convention at Bellefonte was D. K. *Musser*, the shoeman, of this place.

—The great boom in the Dry Goods trade at D. S. Kauffman's store in Millheim is due to his wonderfully low prices.

—Freight car robberies are frequent at Reading. About $8000 worth of goods, chiefly liquors, have been stolen within a month.

—Prepared by a combination, proportion and process peculiar to itself, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.

—Be sure and call at J. H. Musser & Son's shoe store where they just got in the finest lot of new shoes ever brought to town.

—Crocks for the season. A whole carload of stone crocks at Kauffman's. Don't fail to call there when in need of this useful article.

—Clinton county has a new postoffice called "Parvin," which will be opened for business to-day. It is located at Cedar Springs Mills.

—We noticed T. J. *Mingle*, of Fort Scott, Kansas, on our streets on Tuesday evening. He is here on a visit to his parents and brothers.

—Among the visitors to this borough last week was Miss McClanachan, of Centre Hall, who had registered at the National for several days.

—The Leitzell family at Rebersburg are having a reunion this week. Mr. F. E. Leitzell and wife, of Mifflinburg, are among the attendants.

—Seebold & Runkle's general store at Middleburg was robbed of $300 worth of goods last Monday night, says the *Post*. No clue to the thieves.

COMING TO BELLEFONTE.—P. T. Barnum & Co's *Monster* Show is coming to Bellefonte next month and will exhibit there on Friday, Oct. 14th.

—The cool wave on last Thursday had a shivering effect upon people and warmer wraps were brought out to keep even with the changed atmosphere.

—The oyster season begins to-day and the ladies of the M. E. Mite Society will be the first to sell them in this town at their festival next Saturday.

—Ladies, tell your husbands that they can get a fine black suit at my store for the wee sum of $5.00. Why wear old clothes?
D. S. KAUFFMAN.

—Now that both parties in this county have their tickets in the field the fight is on in real earnest. Now democrats, for a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether.

—An altogether new society, called the "Order of Tonti" has been organized lately in Philipsburg, this county. Secret orders are getting to be as plenty as candidates for office.

—John M. Road, the mason, of North street, who has had a severe tussle with dysentery, is on his pins again and under favorable circumstances will be able to do some work soon.

—Miss Maggie Miller is visiting her former home, Centre Hall, for a few weeks. She will also visit her father, John Miller, at Bellefonte, who is employed in Berzer's meat market.

—The Millheim boroughites are on the qui vive to witness the opening of the large Knitting Mills which is likely to occur some time next week. The knitters say "let 'er go Gallagher."

—That good-hearted Samaritan, Frank Barker, of Fowler's farm, brought the editor another treat, a peck of pie apples. Pity there are not more Frank Barkers. We tip our best hat to Frank.

—On Monday we noticed C. W. Hartman pass the office with a gun on his shoulder, and that reminds us that to-day (Thursday) is the first day on which squirrels may be shot according to law.

FOR SALE.—The property of John Swartz, Sr., late of Millheim, deceased, situate on North street, is offered for sale. Apply to or address
G. W. SWARTZ, Executor,
Leist own, Pa.

—A complete glass and queensware assortment at Kauffman's.

—A good book and a good woman, says an exchange, are excellent for those who know how to appreciate their value. There are many people, however, who judge both from the beauty of the cover.

—Voters, and particularly democratic voters, should bear in mind that Wednesday and Thursday, September 7th and 8th, are the last days for registration. Do not fail to attend to this matter.

—At Gettig & Kreamer's *Meat Market* on *Main* street, you can buy fresh lard at 8 cents a pound. Fresh beef and pork always on hand and sold at lowest prices. Call at the *Millheim Meat Market*.

—The turnpike leading to Coburn and passing through this borough is receiving some attention at present. From two to three men are at work on that road filling up ruts and holes with cobbled stone.

—We are glad to state that Alvin Ertel, the boy who had his arm torn off and was otherwise badly injured at Musser's saw mill, last week, is doing remarkably well and bids fair to pull through all right.

—Hon. W. K. Alexander, from this place, left for Allen town to attend the democratic state convention, which convened there yesterday, being one of the delegates chosen by last year's county convention.

—New shoes, for any foot, and at any price, received daily at my store. Ladies, avail yourselves of the chance of securing a pair of the best Kid shoes for $1.75 and $2.00. Only to be had at D. S. Kauffman's place.

—*Mr.* Walter Byard, and his brother and two sisters, all of Bellefonte, and *Miss* Cassidy and *Miss* Freed, of the state of Ohio, were the guests at Hon. W. K. Alexander's residence on *Main* street last week one day.

—Mrs. Susan M. Harter took a sudden notion to go to Harrisburg on Monday morning, and the afternoon of the same day saw her board the train. No doubt her daughter, Mrs. Lizzie Kurzenknabe, was glad to see her.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING. — Mr. Mench, of Penn township, lost two head of cattle last week. They were in the pasture field when a thunderstorm came up, during which they were struck by lightning and instantly killed.

—Glad to report that *Mrs.* Emma Tomlinson, of this place, has sufficiently recovered from her late illness to take a trip to Harrisburg to spend several weeks among relatives there. She departed for the state capital last Saturday.

—On Friday forenoon, Dietrick Lamade, one of the proprietors and business managers of the Williamsport *Grit*, received his sentence, which was a fine of $500. This ends the *Grit* libel suit, which commanded so much of the people's attention.

—The scriptural admonition "be fruitful and multiply" has been heeded by several of Millheim's *pater familias* of late and the population of this borough counts two better now. All parties concerned are well, we are glad to say, and Clark and William are accordingly proud.

—A birthday party took place at Rev. C. Wortman's residence on Penn street last Saturday evening. The affair was gotten up in honor of Daisy, Rev. Wortman's youngest daughter, and quite a number of little girls had congregated together to help to celebrate this anniversary.

—It is reported that besides the Millheim band there will be present at the Veteran picnic at Coburn, next Saturday a week, the Mifflinburg band, the Challenge band of Spring *Mills*, and the Rebersburg band. Accordingly there will be any amount of blowing on that day.

—The drove of horses being shipped to this place from Paw Paw, Ill., by *Messrs. Mutterbaugh* and Zerbe, will arrive next week, when their sale, announced elsewhere, will take place at the National Hotel. Horsemen, look out for a fine stock of draft and driving horses.

—Any person who wants paying work as local or traveling agent for warranted nursery stock should apply atonce to *Jas.* E. Whitney, nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y. No experience is necessary, and complete outfit is furnished free, steady work the year round and all stock warranted to be in good condition. 26-12t

—On the occasion of last Sunday's Harvest Home services the Lutheran church at this place was tastefully decorated with the products of the season. Rev. Deitzler preached a splendid sermon and the services were interesting in general. A good collection was also held for beneyolent purposes.

—Mr. Geo. W. Holloway & lady, of Burbank, Ohio, called at this office on Monday, when Mr. H. informed us that they would leave for Mifflinburg the next morning. From there they will run up to Lock Haven and after a week's stay there depart for their western home. Before leaving Mr. Holloway had his name added to our list of western subscribers.

—As announced last week the Ladies' Mite Society of the M. E. church of this place are making arrangements to hold a festival in the rink building on Penn street next Saturday afternoon and evening. The refreshments will consist of ice cream, cakes, and oysters. The proceeds of the festival will be used to pay a debt still resting upon the new church bell and everybody is invited to attend.

LOOKS LIKE BUSINESS.—J. H. Musser & Son, the proprietors of the Main street shoe store, are getting ready for a lively fall and winter trade, and in order to facilitate matters and introduce a better system, they have procured about four-hundred new and neat boxes to accommodate that many pair of shoes, all properly labeled. Besides making a fine display upon their shelves the boxes at once give the assurance of a large and varied stock of goods.

—The wagonloads of dry goods, sugars and groceries in general hauled to Kauffman's daily indicate large sales and make my store headquarters for general merchandise.
D. S. KAUFFMAN.

—E. H. Long and family, of Farmers' Mills, passed through town on Sunday.

—The Misses Dora and Clara Kauffman, of Lower Augusta, were visiting in town several days.

—The "Gold Band" cigar at Kauffman's store can't be beat for a delicious, comfortable puff. Also just received a big lot of fresh Tobacco.
D. S. K.

—Besides ex-assemblyman Alexander, Ex-Gov. Curtin, Ex-Speaker Randall, Ex-Attorney General Cassidy, and Wm. M. Singerly, of the Philadelphia *Record*, are among the political lights that are illumininting the democratic convention at Allentown this week.

—The danger of an epidemic which threatens a Luzerne county town, a statement of which may be found among the miscellaneous news on our second page, should serve as a warning to all communities in the state. As to the sanitary condition of a town borough councils can never be too watchful and strict.

—With but one or two exceptions the class of teachers which stood examination at this place on last Monday acquitted themselves creditably and came out with fair certificates. We learn that our local talent did exceptionally well. M. C. Gephart, who will teach the North street school this winter, having carried off the best certificate issued.

—Quite a change has been wrought in the Musser & Smith business block of late. The tin and stoveroom, which branch of their hardware establishment is being run by Sammy Weiser, has been moved to the second floor of the rear building and the vacated room on the first floor is now occupied and filled by Gheen & Spigelmyer's china store.

—Rev. T. F. Dornblaser and children, from Topeka, Kansas, are in town and guests at B. O. Deininger's residence. Rev. D. delivered one of his interesting lectures to a fair audience in Rebersburg on Tuesday evening. The lecture was under the auspices of the Luth. Women's Missionary Society of that place.

HORSE SALE.—Messrs. Muthersbaugh and Zerbe, from Lewistown, Pa., will have a carload of Illinois horses, first-class stock, consisting of good drivers and draft-horses, at the stables of the National Hotel, *Millheim*, Pa., within the next 15 days, to make public sale of the lot. The horses will be brought here several days before the sale so that purchasers will have an opportunity to examine them.

FRESH CIDER.—The undersigned is prepared to manufacture cider at a moment's notice by an improved process and by hydraulic power at his saw mill at Woodward. The press is conceded by all as the best in the market and will do satisfactory and quick work in all cases. The public are invited to bring their apples, in quantities from 5 to 500 bushels, and they will be accommodated in the best manner.
33-4t J. C. MOTZ.

—"Help those women!" at their festival next Saturday afternoon and evening, in the rink on Penn street. We all enjoy the sweet chime of the church bells in our town, but the one on the Methodist church is not quite paid for, and the ladies of the Mite Society want to raise the money next Saturday to do so. Theirs is a good cause and everybody should feel interested enough to patronize them.

TO THE PUBLIC.—H, S. Clemens, M. D., specialist in all chronic affections, and who also treats diseases largely by inhalations, will visit patients once a month at Bellefonte, with office at the Brockerhoff House, for one day only to examine them, and then will send the medicines from his regular office at the city of Allentown, Pa. Send for testimonials. Date of next visit will be Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 13th and 14th, at the usual hours. Please remember the date.

—The night-blooming cereus of Mrs. H. K. Luse, on Main street, burst forth in all its glory on Wednesday evening of last week. A number of people were at her residence to witness the opening of four magnificent blossoms. The plant is full of small buds which promise a gorgeous display in the future. Owing to Mrs. Luse's departure for Baltimore, her future home, the cereus has been given in the care of Mrs. W. R. Heneny, and persons wishing to see the flowers must apply to that lady.

RECTIFICATION.—In the court proceedings of Monday of last week, which we clipped from the Bellefonte *Daily News*, it was stated that Mr. T. C. Weaver, of Haines township, charged with indecent assault, was sentenced to pay costs. Such is not the case. The grand jury ignored the bill and the prosecutrix, Mrs. Alice J. Ettlinger, is to pay the costs amounting to $70. We make this statement in its correct form in justice to Mr. Weaver, who has from the first been considered innocent of the charge by all his neighbors and friends.

—What is the matter with the managers of the Lewisburg fair? Well, nothing. Only they now have a committee out to endeavor to secure one of the greatest novelties ever shown at a county fair. They spare no time, trouble or expense, and that is why they had such a fine trot and such a grand display last fall. They promise to far exceed it this fall. Remember $1000 for trotting. No wonder they have good trotters there. Fair from September 21st to 24th.

—We congratulate our Republican friends, T. C. Gramley of Rebersburg, and J. F Harter, of this place, upon the recognition they have received at the hands of the late Republican county convention, when they were were nominated for the offices of Register and Recorder, respectively. Both are young men who would be eminently qualified for the offices, and are much respected in their communities, but—they are on the wrong side of the fence and that cooks their goose as to being elected. Sad but true.

ANOTHER BOLD ROBBERY.—Saturday evening as J. A. Heller and family were absent from home on a visit, some bold thief entered their house on Bishop street, broke open a cupboard drawer and took therefrom fifty-five dollars in greenbacks, all the money Mr. Heller had in his possession. A revolver, some notes and other valuable papers were left undisturbed. Edward, oldest son of Mr. Heller, was the first to discover the robbery, and says he dreamed the night previous of seeing the thief enter the house and take the money.—*Sugar Valley Journal.*

—A fine lot of Groceries just received at Stover's on *Main* street.

—Mothers, the neatest suit of clothes for your boys may be found at Kauffman's store, where prices are the lowest and quality the best.

—Henry Gemberling, of Mifflinburg, died last Sunday, aged 86 years. He had been a retired farmer of considerable wealth and resided in Mifflinburg for the last 20 years.

—The eighth annual convention of the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Luth. Synod of Central Pennsylvania will meet at New Berlin, Sept. 27 and 29. Mrs. A. J. Harter, of Penn street, is being mentioned in connection with the delegateship from this place.

—The hearing of the prisoners in Clinton county jail, held on suspicion of being in some way connected with the Culvey murder, came off on Tuesday afternoon, but we were unable to get results in time for this week's issue. Nothing new has transpired in the matter since Shaffer's arrest.

—The thirty-third annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society will be held on the fair grounds, near Philadelphia, September 5th to 7th. The premium list aggregates $30,000. The Penna. R. R. company will sell excursion tickets from all stations on its main line and branches, Sept. 5th to 17th, good to return until 20th, at reduced rates.

—We are pleased to hear that the committee on the Snow Shoe excursion and picnic which did not come off, consisting of several citizens from Spring Mills and Penn Hall, do not lose anything financially. The guarantee of $50 which they were required to deposit with the agent at Spring Mills, has been refunded to them by the railroad company, for which the committee feels indeed grateful.

A DEN OF RATTLESNAKES.—A correspondent from Mackeyville writes to the *Clinton Democrat* of last week as follows:

There is great excitement at Mackeyville. Thomas Lichty, an aged and respected citizen for truth, of our village, took a stroll up toward the top of the mountain about one mile north from here in search for wild bees, and while closely watching the trunks of high trees soon came on a flock of rattlesnakes, ready for battle. He succeeded in killing twenty-five, but the noise of hundreds of rattles in operation induced him to retreat, bringing with him to the village five of the larger ones, one having seventeen rattles. The apparently never ending conversation concerning the Culvey murder and robberies at same place was indefinitely postponed and the fear of the people divided between tramps and snakes.

DEATH OF A NATIVE OF MILLHEIM.—On Thursday of last week Frank Knarr, of this place, received a dispatch from Chicago, announcing that his oldest son, H. S. Knarr, is lying on his sickbed and in a very critical condition. This alarming statement was followed on the following day by the sad news of Shicer's death. No intimation was given in either of the messages as to the cause of his sickness and death. "Slice," as he was familiary called at home, resided in Chicago for the last seven years and was a conductor on a freight train. The first impression here was that he was the victim of some railroad accident. But a letter from W. S. Harter, who also makes his home at Chicogo, and who used to be a Millheim boy, states that Knarr died of typhoid fever. He was only 27 years old and leaves a young wife and one child to grieve over the early death of husband and father. The notice was too short for either of his folks here to attend his funeral.

—The following is the score of the game of base ball played between Aaronsburg and a select nine from Spring Mills and Centre Hall clubs, at Spring Mills, Saturday Aug. 27.

AARONSBURG.	1	2	3	4	5	6		SPRIN. MILLS & CEN. HALL.	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Musser C F	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	McCormic	0	0	0	1	0	0	1
Summers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Runkle	1	0	0	0	0	1	1
Stambach	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	Harpster	0	0	0	0	0	1	1
Weaver	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	Kenley	1	0	0	0	0	0	1
Royer	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Stover	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Wortman	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Hoover	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foster	0	0	0	1	0	1	2	Minich	0	1	0	1	0	0	2
Musser C H	0	0	1	1	0	0	2	Wilson	0	0	0	1	0	0	1
Shipman	0	0	1	1	0	0	2	Mertz	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTAL							9	TOTAL							8

Shipman (pitcher) and Musser, C. H. (catcher) executed their part in a most scientific, skillful and pleasing manner. Musser having dislocated his 3rd finger at the end of the sixth inning, and being unable to play any longer, the game was called and decided in favor of Aaronsburg, by umpire W. H. Hartman.
A. S. MUSSER, Scoreman.

A SPLENDID SCORE.—The Blue Rock Pigeon shooting by C. K. Sober, which took place at Spring Mills, during the picnic of the Knights of the Golden Eagle, last Saturday afternoon, resulted in the following score, which is a remarkable one when the many different positions in which Mr. S. did the shooting are taken in consideration. Besides, it is claimed that to break one of these targets is far more difficult than to break glass balls.

No.		bro.	mis.
1	Single blue rocks from right shoulder	1	0
2	Single blue rocks from left shoulder	1	0
3	Tossing up gun and throwing it once around	1	0
4	Tossing up gun and throwing it once around and at same time turning it end for end	1	0
5	Back to trap when blue rocks were sprung	1	0
6	Gun upside down over head	1	0
7	Taking gun from shoulder	1	0
8	Gun taken from ground	1	0
9	Shooting with one arm	1	0
10	Springing his own trap	1	0
11	Gun barrels through cigar box	1	0
12	" " " gun upside down over head	1	0
13	Gun barrels through 12¼ lb. powder keg	1	0
14	Gun barrels through 12¼ lb. powder keg upside down over head	1	0
15	Gun barrels through 12¼ lb. powder keg held out sidewise	1	0
16	Gun barrels through 12¼ lb. powder keg, face half way between muzzle and breech of gun	2	1
17	Gun barrels through 25 lb. powder keg	1	0
18	Gun barrels through 25 lb. powder keg, gun upside down over head	1	0
19	Gun barrels through 25 lb. powder keg, face half way between muzzle and breech of gun	1	0
20	Same as above, gun held out sidewise	1	0
21	Gun barrels through box 10x12x16 inches from right shoulder	1	0
22	Gun barrels through box 10x12x16 inches, held upside down over head	1	0
23	Gun barrels through ¼ barrels right shoulder	1	0
24	Gun barrels through ¼ barrels upside down over head	1	0
25	Gun barrels through 14 lb. table	1	0
26	" " " held out sidewise	1	0
27	Double blue rocks from right shoulder	4	0
28	Gun tossed to him a distance of 8 ft. after blue rocks were sprung	2	0
29	Gun upside down over head springing his own trap	1	0
30	Shooting with one arm & one foot	1	0
31	" " " gun barrels through cigar box	3	1
32	Shooting with one arm & one foot 12¼ lb. powder keg on gun	1	2
33	Same as above with 25 lb. powder keg on gun	2	0
34	Shooting with one arm and one foot, gun barrels through box 10x12x16 inches	1	0
35	Same as above, gun barrels through half barrel	2	1
36	Same as above, gun barrels through 14 lb. table	4	1
37	Double blue rocks from two traps 28 yds. apart, he standing on line in centre of traps, breaking one blue rock from left shoulder and another from right shoulder	4	0
		52	6

G. I. LONBERGER, judge and scorer.
A. D. WALIZER, trapper.
U. S. AUMAN, puller.

Local Correspondence.

COBURN.

The excursion to the Republican County Convention at Bellefonte on Tuesday last was rather slim, only 18 tickets having been sold.

The trains are crowded this week with people on their way to the Grangers' picnic at Williams Grove.

The ladies of the Lutheran church will hold a festival for the benefit of the new church on the grounds near the depot on Saturday afternoon and evening of Sept. 10th, when ice cream, cakes, &c., will be served in abundance for all.

The Veterans' reunion to be held in Evert's Grove, back of Coburn, on Sept. 10th, promises to be a success.

Penn township will have a republican minority inspector at the fall election, Judge Furst having appointed Saml. Ulrich to fill the position as there was a tie for inspector at the spring election.

We have heard of some of our overly anxious politicians trading off corn fodder at the last delegate election for votes for their favored candidates. Such parties should be in the slums of our large cities to do their dirty work, where they stoop to anything to accomplish their ends politically.

Rumor has it that one of our business men will shortly retire from business here and leave our village.

Saml. Ulrich had the steamer at work this week doing up his threshing.

The foundation wall for the new Lutheran church is rapidly approaching completion. The brick are all made and the kiln will be set and fire put in at once. The church is to be put under roof this fall if possible. VALE.

AT GHEEN & SPIGELMYER'S
—Onions wanted at 50 cents per bushel.

GREENBRIAR.

One day last week, Isaac Rodden, a peddler of the Jewish persuasion, while crossing the railroad track, accidentally got both his feet fast in the cattle guards and after 10 or 15 minutes, hard work succeeded in extricating himself from his perilous position. He rolled off the track just as the train thundered by. Isaac was unhurt but terribly frightened.

Mr. Ditzler, the horse drover from Lebanon county, was again among us. He purchased a fine horse from Mr. Reuben Harter.

Andrew Harter, Jr., is teaching the young people of this vicinity instrumental music. Mr. Harter attended the conservatory at Boston, one of the best musical colleges in the United States, for over a year and is a very competent teacher who deserves patronage.

Rosa, a five-year old daugheer of C. Alexander, was badly bitten by a large dog last week. The beast inflicted a severe wound below her right ear.

J. C. Harper, Esq., of Bellefonte, called to see some of his friends in this place last Saturday. ZITZKA.

AT GHEEN & SPIGELMYER'S
—The China Store on Penn street is now open, full and running over. 34-2t

AARONSBURG.

Quite a number of people are raising their potatoes this week. The general yield will be medium.

Bruce, the three-year old son of Wilson Burd died, was buried on last Saturday on the Lutheran cemetery.

Out boys were up to Spring Mills on last Saturday to play the Spring Millers a game of base ball. Aaronsburg took the laurels.

F. J. Weaver has gonn to Lewisburg to purchase a small lot of Alderney milch cows.

Geo. W. Holloway and wife bid farewell to their many friends here on last Monday. They intend to do some visiting in the east and will arrive at their home Burbank, Ohio, about the last of September or beginning of October.

D. W. Holloway and family, of Akron, Ohio, who have been spending several weeks here, have gone further east to do some visiting before their return home.

Mrs. Dornblaser, wife of Rev. E. H. Dornblaser, of Wheeling, West Va., who had been staying with her father, Mr. John Bright, for the last few months, returned to her home in Virginia last week.

Teachers' examination took place here on last Tuesday. The selections of teachers for the different schools in the districts were made on the same day, but too late to report for this week's issue of the Journal. Will communicate next week.

Among this week's visitors in our town are the following: Mrs. Eliza Wolf, of Mifflin Co., the guest of Dr. E. J. Deshler's; Jennie Deininger, of Clarkstown, Pa., with her sister, Mrs. C. H. Stover; Mr. Jacob Mingle, of Illinois, the guest of his brother H. A. Mingle.

Thos. J. Mingle, who had gone west about six years ago and who lived most of his time in Kansas, has returned home to pay his parents a visit. We were indeed very glad to see Thomas. ANOTHER.

AT GHEEN & SPIGELMYER'S
—the Ladies' Cloth and Dress Goods are here.

SPRING MILLS.

James M. Runkle has gone to Lancaster Pa., where he expects to take a full course in the Franklin and Marshall college.

Mrs. Fitchthorn and son who have been visiting friends here for some time are now spending the week among relatives in Lewistown.

H. W. Krumrine and Harvey From are spinning over our streets on their bicycles.

Mrs. M. A. Barncroft, of Philadelphia, who has been here for a few weeks looking after her property has again returned to her home in the city of brotherly love.

The Picnic and festival held by the Knights of the Golden Eagle on last Saturday afternoon and evening was a grand success. C. K. Sober the celebrated glass ball shooter was on hand and did justice to himself by hitting nearly every ball. The sham battle in the evening was well played. The Balloon ascension was grand indeed. The balloon rose slowly at first, but went almost straight up to an attitude of several hundred feet and then it drifted slowly in a south easternly direction for about half a mile when it descended to mother earth again. All seemed to enjoy themselves. The bands furnished excellent music for the occasion. The eatables and ice cream were all sold which indicate that the order made quite a neat sum.

Quite a number of our citizens have gone to the Granger Picnic at William's Grove this week where they expect to have a fine time. *

AT GHEEN & SPIGELMYER'S
—Carpets, Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Ladies' Wraps, Dress Goods, also Ham and Roller Flour. 34-4t

PENN HALL.

D. J. Musser is on the sick list.

Fred Moyer was away last week selling buggies.

The schools of the Gregg township school district were assigned to the following teachers: Hiram Cline, Penn Hall; Jerry Heckman, Cross Roads; Augustus Kennedy, Farmers' Mills; Warren Krise, Pike; Harry Long, Decker; F. F. Jamison, Poke Hill; Geo. Weaver, Mountain; Cyrus Grove, Beaver Dam; C. F. Musser, Logan; Adam Ripka, Murray's; William McClellan, Hoy's; Laura Runkle, Spring Mills Primary; G. F. Mark, Spring Mills second grade. Spring Mills grammar school not filled. DENVER DAN.

REBERSBURG.

Most of the farmers around here are done sowing their wheat.

The potato crop is pretty good considering that the worms and bugs spoiled a good many of them.

C. C. Loose, of this place, bought up 500 bushels of potatoes, which were shipped yesterday (Wednesday.)

There came a stranger to George Guiswite's and it's going to stay there too.

Died—an infant child of Jacob and Sarah Gephard, on Wednesday, August 26th, aged 1 year and 7 months. Funeral took place last Friday, servises in the Reformed church.

Wm. Kreamer and wife spent Sunday in Booneville with Prof. Klepper's.

Austin Duck, who is at present threshing the crops of our farmers, is this week attending an agricultural fair with the intention of buying another steam threshing machine.

Ira Spangler attended teacher's examination at Millheim on Monday.

The hog cholera, which is prevalent through the valley, plays havoc among the swine and many of our people suffer much loss through it.

A surprise party stormed Wm. Kreamer's residence the other evening. Though your correspondent had but a short peep at them we are safe to say they had a good time.

Julius Wortenheimer, of Philadelphia, is here again with a fine line of watches, which he offers for sale.

Ira Smull, who eight years ago emigrated to Kansas, returned last week to pay a visit to his friends and relatives in this town.

Daniel Moyer, from Booneville spent part of Saturday and Sunday among his friends here.

Antoinett Parsh, of Williamsport is at present visiting friends and relatives in this neihborhood.

A son of Jonathan Walker was gritty enough the other day to mount a horse which had neither bridle nor halter on. The horse started on a dead run and kicked viciously and no help being near the boy fell off and broke one of his arms.

Manasses Gilbert's house, since it is weatherboarded and received the second coat of paint, makes a fine appearance.

A certain young man boarding at our hotel had quite an adventure while wending his way homeward the other night or rather early in the morning. He had been out paying court to his prospective spouse, and passing along the street, wrapped in pleasant thoughts, his sweet revery was abruptly broken by a shower of stones which came down upon him thick and fast. It seems a tramp had waylaid him and was in readiness for him, and when the young man was within a stone's throw, pelted away at him to his (the tramp's) heart's content. Fortunately the attacked party reached his destination without having received serious injuries, but he claims that if the supervisors would keep the stones off the road, tramps could not have quite as much fun at other people's expense.
NANOD.

—I HAD KIDNEY DISORDER and say for the good of others that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cured me. Rev. S. C. Chandler, Lebanon Springs, N.Y. I had Stone in the Bladder and Gravel in the Kidneys. I used Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and am now well.—E. D. Parsons, Rochester, N. Y. Price $1. Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for a book on Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders. Mention this paper. 34-4t

IT WON'T BAKE BREAD.—In other words Hood's Sarsaparilla will not do impossibilities. Its proprietors tell plainly what it has done, submit proofs from sources of unquestioned reliability, and ask you frankly if you are suffering from any disease or affection caused or promoted by impure blood or a low state of the system, to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The experience of others is sufficient assurance that you will not be disappointed in the result.

The Oft Told Story

Of the peculiar medicinal merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla is fully confirmed by the voluntary testimony of thousands who have tried it. Peculiar in the combination, proportion, and preparation of its ingredients, peculiar in the extreme care with which it is put up, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures where other preparations entirely fail. Peculiar in the unequalled good name it has made at home, which is a "tower of strength abroad," peculiar in the phenomenal sales it has attained,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the most popular and successful medicine before the public today for purifying the blood, giving strength, creating an appetite.

"I suffered from wakefulness and low spirits, and also had eczema on the back of my head and neck, which was very annoying. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I have received so much benefit that I am very grateful, and I am always glad to speak a good word for this medicine." MRS. J. S. SNYDER, Pottsville, Penn.

Purifies the Blood

Henry Biggs, Campbell Street, Kansas City, had scrofulous sores all over his body for fifteen years. Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cured him.

Wallace Buck, of North Bloomfield, N. Y., suffered eleven years with a terrible varicose ulcer on his leg, so bad that he had to give up business. He was cured of the ulcer, and also of catarrh, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

All the Year Round

THE

JOURNAL STORE

is open and ready for business. Of course during the Holiday season more effort is made on special lines and display, but other times and seasons have their special runs too. Just now envelopes for business men and flower paper for the dear ladies are all the go. But I say again that

"All the Year Round"

I keep a full assortment of

All kinds of School Supplies, Writing Paper, Sunday School Supplies, Bibles, Hymn Books, Albums, Toys, Games, Vases, Blank Books, Purses, Money Books, Tablets, Dolls, Easles, Fancy Match Safes, Stamped Linen Goods. All kinds of Cards, and Many other fancy articles not found in other stores.

CALL AND SEE. DON'T MISS THE PLACE,
"No 20" PENN STREET,
MILLHEIM, PA.
B. O. DEININGER.

Have you tried a pair of shoes yet at J. H. MUSSER & SON'S shoe store, Main street, Millheim, Pa.

STOVES STOVES

[New Advertisement.]

Jacob Eisenhuth

mishes to inform the public that having purchased the machines and tools, together with stock of Stoves, Tin and Holloware, formerly the property of D. I. Brown, and having the services of that gentleman, who is a practical mechanic, is now prepared to fill all orders in this line.

House & Barn Spouting

A SPECIALTY
and satisfaction guaranteed.
Just received a fine assortment of the best makes of

STOVES,
Ranges,
HEATERS,
&c., &c., &c.

Any person in want of a stove for cooking, baking or heating purposes will find it to their interest to call at the shop or sale room, under D. I. Brown's residence, Main St,

MILLHEIM, PA.

where Mr. Brown may be found at all times to attend to the wants of patrons

REMEMBER THAT EISENHUTH'S STOVES MUST BE SEEN TO BE RIGHTLY APPRECIATED

SPEER'S
GRAPE WINES,
ALSO
UNFERMENTED GRAPE JUICE.

Used in the principal [illegible]s for Communion. Excellent for females. Weakly persons and th a

ADOPTED IN HOSPITALS AS THE BEST FOR INVALIDS.

Speer's Port Grape Wine!

FOUR YEARS OLD.

THIS CELEBRATED WINE is the pure juice of the dead ripe Oporto Grape, raised in Speer's vineyards, and left hang until they shrink and become partly raisined before gathering. Its invaluable.

Tonic And Strengthening Properties

are unsurpassed by any other Wine. Being produced under Mr. Speer's own personal supervision, its purity and genuiness, are guaranteed by the principle Hospitals and Boards of Health who have examined it. The youngest child and the weakest invalids use it to advantage. It is particularly beneficial to the aged and debilitated, and suited to the various ailments that effect the weaker sex.

It is in every respect A WINE TO, BE RELIED ON.

Speer's Unfermented Grape Juice.

Is the juice of the Oporto Grape, preserved in its natural fresh, sweet state as it runs from the press by fumigation, and electricity, thereby destroying the exciter of fermentation. It is perfectly pure, free from spirits and will keep in any climate.

Speer's (Socialte) Claret.

Is held in high estimation for its richness as a Dry Table Wine, especially suited for dinner use.

Speer's P. J. Sherry

Is a wine of a Superior Character and partakes of the rich qualities of the grape from which it is made.

Speer's P. J. Brandy.

IS A PURE distillation of the grape, and stands unrivaled in this Country for medical purposes.

It has a peculiar flavor, similar to that of the grapes from which it is distilled.

See that the signature of ALFRED SPEER, Passaic N. J., is over the cork of each bottle.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS WHO KEEP FIRST CLASS WINES

MME. DEMOREST'S RELIABLE PATTERNS!

STILL AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS.

And Guaranteed to give a perfect fit when directions are followed.

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Chart and Book of full directions, enabling any one to Cut and Fit perfectly.

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AND WHAT TO WEAR.

Is a large Magazine of 80 pages of Fashion Notes and Styles, Illustrated with about 1000 Cuts. Sent post paid for 25 cents.

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This Style Only.
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THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF THEM IN USE ALL OVER THE WORLD AND GIVING PERFECT SATISFACTION.

Don't pay other companies $40.00 profit on a machine NOT SO GOOD AS THE DEMOREST, but buy direct of the manufacturers. Sent C. O. D.

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people are anxious to get the freshest and best

Groceries and Fruits

in the market. The best place in the valley to buy them is

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Miscellaneous News.

THROWN INTO A CISTERN.

A Party of Tramps Brutally Treat an Aged Woman.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 25.—A bold outrage at Maple Grove, sixteen miles from this city, was last evening reported to the police. D. L. Hiller lives upon a farm near that place with his mother and his brother. Yesterday morning while the brothers were absent from the house at work, two men called at the house and asked for something to eat. Mrs. Hiller complied with their request, and when they had finished eating, one of them picked up a poker and threatened to kill her. The old lady begged them to spare her life, whereupon the brute dragged her to the cistern and threw her in. The cistern is twelve feet deep and was half full of water, but Mrs. Hiller clung to the lead pipe of the pump and managed to keep afloat until noon, when her sons returned and she was taken out in an exhausted condition. Investigation showed that the tramps had ransacked the house and abstracted $170 in cash and $1,350 in certificates of deposit upon the First National bank of Minneapolis. Mrs. Hiller is 65 years of age, and it is feared that the shock to her system from the brutal treatment she received may result fatally.

A WILD RACE FOR LIFE.

A Large Subterranean Lake Breaks Its Confines.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Aug. 25.—Terrible excitement was caused this morning in the the fatal No. 1 shaft at Nanticoke by the breaking away of earth barriers that separated a worked-out portion of the colliery from the chambers where mining is in progress, and the sudden precipitation of a largebody of water into a gangway where over three hundred miners were at work. For a long time past a huge subterranean reservoir has been forming, containing millions of gallons of water. The underground lake was 570 feet below the surface. The chamber where the men were at work was one hundred and fifty feet further down and about the same distance from the mined galleries The first intimation the men had that the mine was being flooded was the sudden appearance of water in the chambers. As it increased in depth many hurriedly quit work and rushed to the bottom of the shaft. By this time a regular exodus from all parts of the colliery set in, the miners wading through water breast high before the last of them got out. The work of rescuing the men was proceeded with promptly, the steam carriage taking up twenty at a time. All sorts of rumors were set adrift, and the mouth of the mine was crowded with anxious women and children, exhibiting the usual alarm and frantic demonstrations. Luckily all were taken out safely. Ninety mules perished. Work will be suspended for an indefinite period, as the water is still running in. Had the earth fissure been wide enough to admit the whole volume of water at once not a man would have been saved.

WRECK ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

Destruction of a Schooner in a Storm and Loss of Two of Her Crew.

MILLER, Ind., Aug. 25.—The schooner Clara of Manistee was driven ashore yesterday and her wreckage is strewn along the beach for miles. Cap. Olson, her master and owner, and one of the sailors lost their lives, and John Gustavson, the mate escaped by swimming ashore on a plank. The vessel was bound for Chicago with a load of hard wood lumber. She left Manistee Monday morning with a light wind, but toward night a squall swept down upon her from the northeast, jerking her headsails out of the bolt ropes and crippling her so that she became unmanageable. All night long she staggered before the gale, that kept increasing in violence; the sea ran very high and the waves swept her deck of everything moveable.

She arrived off Chicago in such a disabled condition that it was impossible to work her into the harbor and she was driven up the lake, Realizing she was san to be on the beach, Capt. Olson let go the anchor when abreast of this place, but the flukes failed to hold, and she was dragged to the sand bar half a mile from shore. The seas kept dashing over her and the crew of three men were compelled to climb into the rigging and lash themselves to keep from being washed overboard. In less than an hour the coverings of the hatches were carried away and the sea swept into the hold, filling it to the decks. Then she rolled over on her side and Hane Christensen was carried away on the crest of a wave. Capt. Olson and Gustavson got hold of a plank.

It was raining hard and the night was so dark they could see nothing, but they clung to the plank with the hope that the waves would push it onward to the beach. Gustavson says he heard a loud cry and on looking behind him saw the captain had relaxed his hold, and was even then disappearing beneath the waves. He was unable to help him, and he went down. The rest of the son does not recollect much of Gustavson battle far life. Three times each about his turned over and the times the plank water, but he buried him in the dashed hung on to it, and was senseless on the sandy beach. When he regained his senses he was lying upon his back, with the rain down on his face. There was not a house in sight, for the village lies three miles back from the lake.

He made his way along the beach to the houseof the Calumet shooting club. He had just enough strength to give a feeble rap on the door, and when it when it was opened he fell fainting across the threshold. He was carried and kindly cared for until he recovered sufficently to relate his story, and after being provided with clothes, he took the train for Chicago.

Before leaving Gustavson went down to the beach to see what had become of the wreck. He found that it was broken up, and the broken timbers and cargo were scattered in every direction. The captain's chest which contained a large sum of money, was broken open and the contents were missing. Gustavson thinks the chest has been rifled by thieves. Neither of the bodies have been recovered. All day and last night a crowd of men from the village were on the beach gathering up cargo as it was drifted ashore and hauling it away.

A HITCH IN TIME.

How to Prevent Trousers from Bagging at the Knees.

"How do I keep my trousers from bagging at the knees?' echoed an old man who had served many years in the British navy, in response to a New York Sun reporter's question. Why that's one of the simplest things in the world if a man only knows how, and will put himself to a little trouble at first. Jack Tar's trousers, as you know, are very close reefed and built sung and taut all the way down until near the bottom, where they are given full sail and spread themselves well over the boots. They are the very kind that are to bag at the knees; so one of the first things the young landlubber is taught when he enters the navy is how to wear them.

No doubt you have often heard of the sailor taking a hitch in his trousers every time he sits down, and no doubt you thought he did it merely as a sort of introductiou to the yarn he was about to spin. Yes, few people imagine that the hitch is what keeps the trousers straight; but just think a moment and you will recollect that they fit very tight around the knee and that whenever you sit down and poke out your knees you stretch the cloth. That's what makes the bagging when you sit down: you leave plenty of slack for the knees to play in at the knees, and your clothes will wear out before they will bag. After taking the hitch a few times it will become almost a second nature to you and you will do it unconsciously every time you sit down. The hitch may be simple, but its worth more to a man than one of those patent $5 trouser stretchers. As for the coat not one in a half dozen knows how to button it so that it will set well. The proper way is to begin at the bottom end button and go up. Not a day passes but I have to laugh at people who say they are going to button their coats up, and then calmly proceed to button down.'

Evaporated vs. Dried Fruit.

The term "evaporated" has become well established in the markets, for fruit prepared by artificial heat, as distinguished in the markets from that dried in the primitive way of exposure to the sun. Evaporated fruit being dried rapidly, has not time to become changed and partly soured, and being dried in the dark, remains beautifully white, instead of turning brown like that exposed to the sun; besides these are the important advantages of freedom from dust, and the soiling by insects, birds, etc. The evaporated fruit presents such a superior appearance, there is no wonder that it brings a much higher price in the market or stores than ordinary dried fruit. This is a matter of so much importance, that one who has any considerable quantity of fruit to preserve by drying, cannot afford to go on in the old-fashioned way. There are several driers or evaporators now offered at a moderate price, which turn out as good products a the expensive machines first introduced. The difference in the price between the superior and inferior article, will readily pay for a good dried in one season. With artificial heat one is not liable to loss in stormy weather, which stops the drying in the, sun and it is often very difficult to keep the partly dried fruit from spoiling. Indeed, the advantages of drying by artificial heat are so many and so obvious, that we advise all interested to look into the merits of the several driers now offered with a view to purchase. Not only is artificial heat superior for drying fruit, but vegtables, especially sweet corn, are much better in flavor and appearance then when dried in the old way.—*American Agriculturist for September.*

Woman's Promise and Her Memory.

Daniel S. Dickinson, formerly United States Senator from New York, who was very fond of saying sharp things, sometimes gave offense by his witticisms when he least expected to do so. One day when he was walking moodily along the street in Albany, at the time Silas Wright was governor, he met Mrs. Wright, the governor's wife. She, observing his abstracted air, said to him in a jocular manner: "What does a man think of when he is thinking of nothing?" "Of a woman's promise," responded Dickinson. "Well done, senator," said Mrs. Wright, who passed on, but did not forget Dickinson's remark. Some time afterward he requested her to help him to persuade the governor to appoint a friend to office, reminding her, at the same time, that she had promised to aid him whenever he should ask for assistance. "That is true, senator," she replied, "but of course it was nothing." "How is that?" exclaimed Dickinson, much surprised. "Because it was a woman's promise, don't you know?" responded Mrs. Wright. The senator did know, and he had to tell his friend that the "adverse influences" were so strong that the coveted appointment could not be obtained for him.—*New York Ledger.*

—First-class job work done at the JOURNAL office.

THE ATTACHMENT.

'Bax!'

Baxter Jones, called 'Bax,' for short, was Squire Syphax's office clerk.

'Yes, sir,' answered Bax.

'Fill me out a writ of attachment,' said the squire. 'I'll stand no more of this nonsense.'

'Yes, sir—what name, sir?'

'You'll find it there,' said the squire, writing on a card and tossing it over to Bax, who picked it up and set about his work. The document was speedily finished and presented to the squire who affixed his signature.

'Give it to Constable Darby and tell him to serve it without delay,' added the squire.

'Yes, sir.'

'And when he brings in his prisoner, report to me.'

'Yes, sir.'

Squire Syphax, magisterially, was the sternest of men; individually he was the most soft-hearted and yielding.

For the moment he was filled with official indignation toward a delinquent, on whom, for some contemptuous disregard of the law's behests, he was determined to visit his weightiest penalty. He was still feeble from a recent and severe attack of illness, and while waiting the return of the warrant, he retired to seek a little rest, meanwhile forgetting the cares of office in a delicious revery, of which the charms of a certain lovely creature were the central feature. In this occupation let us leave him for the present, merely premising that he was a bachelor, both diffident and susceptible.

Bob Darby was a constabulary model. He did his duty to the letter and expended few words about it.

When the servant came in answer to his ring of Widow Goodheart's doorbell Bob inquired: 'Is your mistress at home?'

'She is,' was the response.

'Tell her I must see her,' said Bob.

'She's very busy,' replied the maid, 'and unless the business is very particular——'

'It is werry partic'lar,' interrupted Bob, brushing past and entering without ceremony. 'I am werry sorry to inconvenience you, mum,' he said, when Mrs. Goodheart had made her appearance; 'but I've got to take you over to the squire's right away.'

The widow turned pale and trembled. 'Has the dear man—has he had a relapse?' she asked in a tremulous tone.

'Couldn't say, mum,' answered Bob; 'all I know is, it's a case of 'tachment.'

'A case of attachment!' exclaimed the widow, the color mounting to her handsome face.

'I shall be ready in a moment,' cried the widow, and so indeed she was.

'There's a kerridge at the door, mum,' said Bob, and when he had handed the lady in, nothing more was said till they reached the squire's door.

That functionary, like many country magistrates, kept his office at his house, and into the apartment so appropriated the widow was at once ushered.

Bob Darby, having duly signed the return upon the writ, handed it over to the squire's clerk, who proceeded straightway to notify his honor.

As the latter entered he started with surprise. Instead of the contemptuous culprit Dick Slote, at whose guilty head he was prepared to hurl the law's anathemas, was the lovely widow Goodheart, the angel of his dreams, whom he saw before him! In the name of all the Dromios, what diabolical error was this?

Catching up the returned warrant, to his horror he read:

"To any constable, greeting: You are hereby commanded to take the body of Dorothy Goodheart and bring the same forthwith before me, etc., etc.

CALEB SYPHAN, J. P."

Darting a look of wrath at the clerk and the constable, he ordered them to withdraw.

'My dear Mrs. Goodheart,' began the squire, blushing to the tips of his ears, 'how can I atone for this annoyance?'

'Oh, it's no annoyance, I assure you,' simpered the widow. 'I am so glad to find you are not ill.'

'But—but this unfortunate attachment,' stammered the squire, dashing aside the ill starred document.

'I—I have long returned it,' nervously murmured the widow, turning as red as himself.

A gleam of gladness flashed over the squire's countenance. Could it be she was ignorant of the indignity she had suffered? And then, to find the ice so happily broken! He clasped her hand, pressed it to his lips, and poured out the tale of his pent-up love with an ardor and eloquence which fairly astonished himself. The widow's pretty head dropped on his shoulder as, with alternate smiles and tears, she listened rapturously to what she had so long been waiting to hear.

The squire came home a happy man from escorting the widow home that evening. But the sight of Bax Jones raised his fury.

'How dare you play me such a trick?' he thundered.

'What trick?' inquired Bax, innocently.

'What trick? Why, putting Mrs. Goodheart's name in that attachment!'

'I put in the name you gave me,' answered Bax.

'It's false!' roared the squire.

'Here's the card,' rejoined the clerk.

The squire glanced at it. It was one of Mrs. Goodheart's cards, left with some delicacy which she had sent during his late illness. On the blank side he had unwittingly written the name to be inserted in the writ. Whether the clerk had copied from the wrong side by mistake, or had played off a practical joke, was not quite clear to the squire's mind, for Bax, in point of gravity, fell far short of his distinguished namesake, the author of 'Saints' Rest.'

However, in view of the happy issue and Bax's earnest professions of innocence, he was finally let off; but with a caution both to him and Bob Darby never to mention the affair under the penalty of the squire's hot displeasure.

IT is generally conceded that women dress to attract the admiration of men, and the Pittsburg *Dispatch* asks: 'But why do men dress?' Well, because they look better that way. They would attract altogether too much attention if they didn't dress.—*Norristown Herald.*

GREAT PROFESSION.

How a Legal Luminary Astonished One of His Ex-Clients.

An old fellow entered a lawyers office and excitedly exclaimed: "Look here, Colonel, I understand you have been employed by Wilkins to bring suit against me?"

"Yes, sir."

"But, Colonel, Wilkins accuses me of dishonesty."

"What of that?"

"What of it! Why, last year you defended me against just such a charge."

"Yes, I remember."

"Of course you do. You said during the trial that you had never met a more honest man than I am, and swore that i could not be guilty of a dishonest action"

"Yes, I believe I did."

"I know you did, and, sir, do you know what I'm going to do?"

"What?"

"I've got witnesses, and I'm going to prove in court that you said it. Then what will you do?"

"Acknowledge that I said it, of course."

"Then the jury will decide in my favor."

"I think not."

"Can't help it."

"Oh, yes, for I will tell the court how much faith I had in you last year, that I would indeed have staked my all on you, and that i was never more painfully shocked in my life than I was when, a few days ago, I received convincing proof of your rascality. My dear sir," the lawyer continued, "I am every day impressed more and more with the broadness and extensive comprehension of the legal profession. Don't be in a hurry. Always glad to see you, and will cheerfully serve you at any time."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Tim Campbell on Omens.

Congressman Timothy J. Campbell, brown as a berry, with an oriental sunset border, and as cool as a January cucumber, flitted through the corridors of the Delevan House yesterday, arm in arm with Prince Battenberg Roosevelt, while that affable gentleman retailed admiration of how they conduct jubilees in London according to the "English, you konw," custom. The hotel prince evidently made an impression, because when the Congressman had a chance to say something he would be on hand when the Queen counted out one hundred years on the throne. The Congressman had just come from Sharon Springs, where he had been in pursuit of health. But Congressman Campbell looks the very quintescence of health, and why he should seek springs of any sort unless for minerals, he could not easily explain. When questioned as to his narrow escape of being burned to death at Senator Arkell's residence, when the late lamented harmony tea party was held, the Congressman brusquely said: "Because I was not invited to the conflagration, nor was I invited to the party, but accidentally dropped in. I hear that the letter 'P' was burned in Senator Hiscock's gripsack, which some Republicans take to mean that Hiscock will be the next President. Why if that was any safe-to-bet-on omen I would have been President long ago. I have a gripsack covered with 'P's' burned into it by fire several years ago. But I don't take it to indicate that I will be President, but to mean plain Pat or Patrick, to be more genteel. Omens don't elect anybody. It takes votes."—Albany Argus.

Queen Victoria's Baby Things.

One of the features of the celebration of Queen Victoria's jubilee was an exhibition of a number of playthings and articles of wearing apparel that belonged to the queen in her infancy and early childhood. The dresses, the stockings, and even the bibs of the Queen had been preserved, and were shown in this exhibition.

The playthings included the favorite doll of the Queen's early childhood, or rather the ghost of her favorite doll, for it had lost an arm, an eye, an ear, and probably, though we are not so informed, the tip of its nose. A great deal of the doll's life blood—that is to say sawdust—had gone out through a wound in it's chest, and it was almost entirely bald. Its mouth was parted, as if it were trying to speak!

There was a pair of little slippers in the exhibition and the sight of them inspired one writer to imagine them traversing the whole earth through the possessions of the British crown, tramping through Ireland, through Canada, through the British South Sea Islands, through South Africa, through Australia and India and Cyprus and Malta, and past Gibraltar homeward. A long march for a pair of baby slippers.

One little stocking, whose mate was gone, was exhibited all by itself. There was a great deal of wondering where the other stocking was, but nobody knew.

Not all the articles in the exhibition pertained to Queen Victoria's infancy. One of the things shown was a piece of her wedding cake, so hard, it is said, that not even a famishing native of India could have eaten it.—*Youth's Companion.*

"I SUPPOSE you don't believe in courtship," said the paragraphist, laughingly, to the president of the gas company. "Why not?" asked the president. "Because lovers always turn the gas down, you know ha! ha! ha!" "Oh, that makes no difference," said the president, "the meter gets in its work all the same, ho! ho! ho!" Then the paragraphist retired with a very gloomy countenance.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

"WHY," said the teacher, "did Payne write: 'There is no place like home.'" "Because," replied the smart boy, "it was the truth. He had no home, and, of course, there was no place like a place that wasn't anywhere." And the teacher started to mark him zero, but stopped and started to thinking and thinking and thinking, and finally told him that was correct and marked him perfect.

"Old Hickory's" Tender Heart.

Let me tell you a fact to make you sensible of a deep-rooted affectionate attachment of which the rough bosom of a war-worn veteran is susceptible. Earl has a few days ago received from the Hermitage Mrs. Jackson's portrait. He did not intend that the President should see it, but he stepped in by accident when Earl was copying from it. He stood and gazed at it for few minutes with some fortitude, until the association rose in his mind he began to weep, and his sobs became so deep that Earl carried the picture away to relieve him.

He has a bible in which a great many favorite passages were marked by his wife. One of them he reads every morning religiously.

This is devotion but whether it be of the right kind I leave you to judge.

* * * He and I were sitting one day alone on the sofa, and I alluded in some way his attachment for the little Rachael. He said she was the solace of his wandering life, and that the father (his adopted son) had been nursed on the bosom of Mrs. Jackson. She felt for him all the tendernes of a mother; that she parted with him, even to go to Nashville with reluctance, and looked for the returning Saturday with more anxiety than the the boy himself.

He paused a few moments, ruminating: and with his eyes suffused in tears said:

'Mr. Blair, she was one of the best of women, and it is gratifying to me that it is in my power to provide amply for the objects which, if she lived, would have been so dear to her. Rachael will be my greatest comfort if I should survive to return to the Hermitage.'—[Letters of Francis P. Blair in Atlantic.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Old Man Was too Hasty.

A staid old Hubbardston farmer came to the Hub yesterday to do 'a leedle tradin',' and as he meandered down Washington street headed for the Fitchburg depot," as he said, he suddenly halted, gazed excitedly at a sign in front of a clothing-house, and then darted into a store exclaiming: 'Well, I vum, that is good!' After due deliberation he selected a $10 suit of clothes, tendering a payment of just $7. 'That's the right change, sir,' said he to the astonished clerk. 'But I don't understand it; 'I told you that suit would be $10,' argued the clerk. 'Yes, I know, but don't your old sign out at the door say, 'All we want is 70 cents on the dollar?'' and picking up his new purchase the honest old Hubbardston farmer hastily left. He trotted along congratulating himself on his wonderful smartness, and was heard to mutter, 'I guess I'm lively enough for these 'ere city folk's.' But a sudden change came 'o'er the spirit of his dreams,' after he had walked a short distance. A look of utter disgust overspread his face, the bundle fell from his arms, and in a mournful tone he said: 'Why didn't I look around a little before I bought them clothes?' The cause of the old man's consternation was another clothing sign that read: 'Goods sold here at half price.' After studying the situation several minutes he resumed his journey depotward, saying, 'I might have saved $5 just as well as not if I hadn't been in such a pesky hurry.'—*Boston Post.*

Miss Saxe in Her Mother's Gown.

A writer in the Kansas City *Journal* relates this anecdote of the late John G. Saxe and his favorite daughter, Sarah. It was the custom of the family to spend much of each Summer at Saratoga. One Summer it was decided that Sarah should remain at home in charge of the younger children instead of accompanying her parents, as had been her former custom. This decision roused the wrath of the young lady, and awakened all that latent obstinacy which her father claimed for her. In vain she remonstrated. Her best clothing was put under lock and key, and her parents departed, charging her to be a good girl, and to content herself until their return. The season was at its height, and many persons brilliantly conspicuous in literary circles were gathered under the flashing of the watering-place chandeliers. Saxe held his court at one end of the saloon that August evening, and sat conveniently facing the entrance door, when a servant announced "Miss Saxe." The poet raised his eye-glass to behold Sarah, a miss of 16, haughtily sweeping down the grand parlors, dragging after her her mother's best winter gown of velvet, and glittering with her mother's trinkets. It was warm work enduring that heavy, oppressive finery, but for three days father and daughter held their little independent courts at the famous watering-place, each ignoring the other's presence—a clear case of "Greek meet Greek." At the end of that time Sarah was ignominiously taken home by her father and duly punished.

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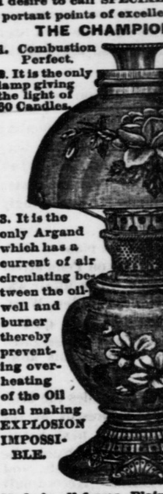

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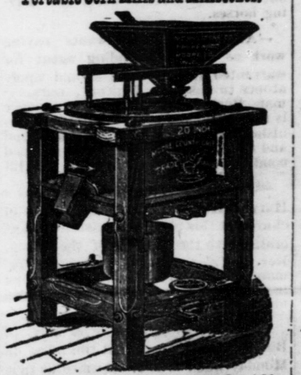

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